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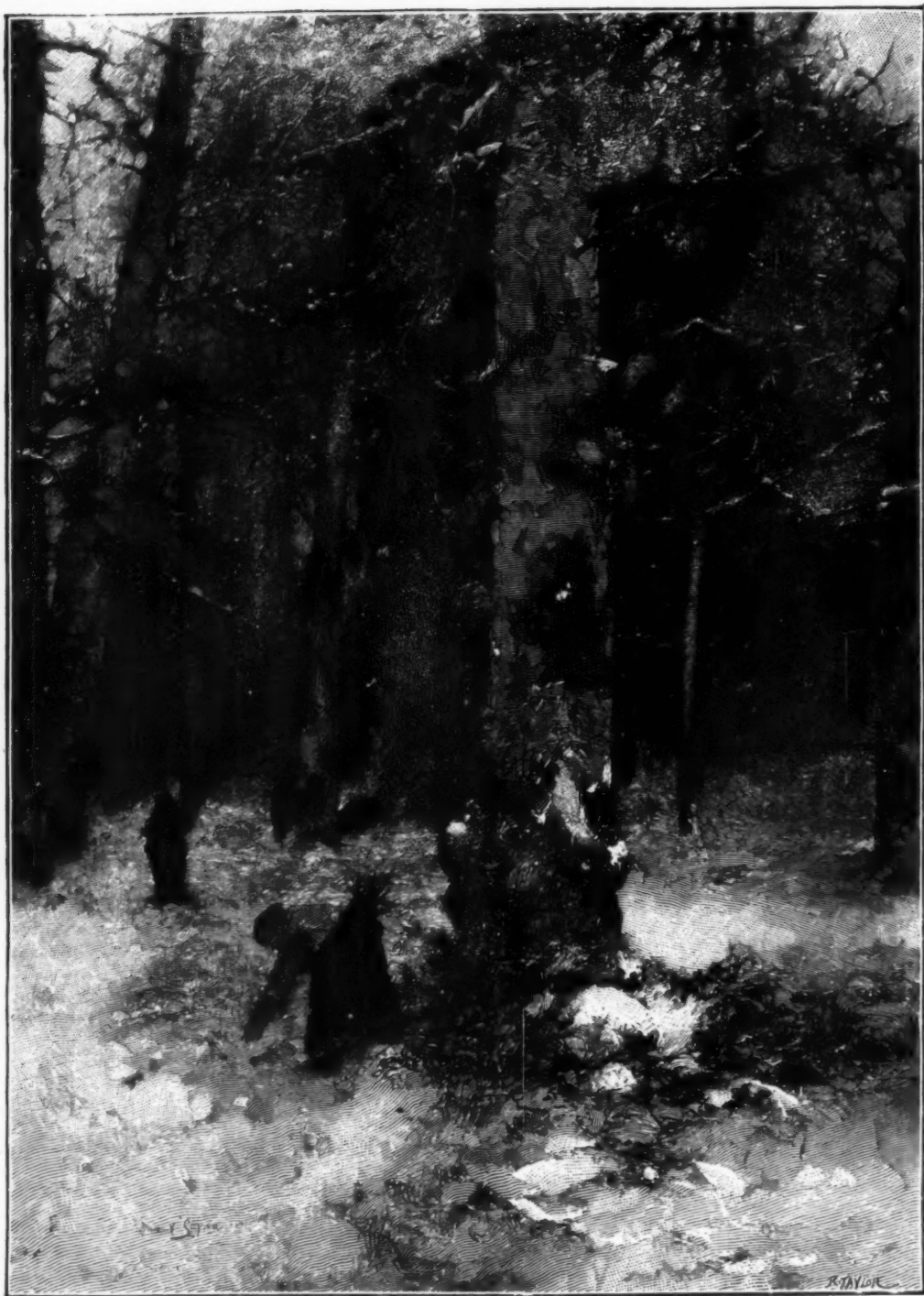
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GLEANERS.

FORESTWYK.

BY E. BOYD BAYLY, AUTHOR OF "JONATHAN MERLE," "ZACHARY BROUGH'S VENTURE," "WORKADAY STORIES," ETC.



YOU ARE CHRIS?

CHAPTER I.

THE up-express from Plymouth stopped at the Forestwyk station, and discharged its contingent of passengers—among them a big, heavy-looking young man, six feet one, and broad in proportion, with a round face, small greyish-blue eyes, and a wide mouth. He wore a sandy-brown suit, with conspicuous creased lines down the arms and legs. His hair and moustache and close-cropped whiskers were of a dull light brown, which gave no relief to the fierce red of his complexion, tanned by five years of outdoor life in Australia, with a cold wind coming up Channel to finish the dye. This was Christopher Gundry, whose father was now the largest builder in the ancient hill-girt West-country town of Forestwyk.

Christopher had not lived at home for seven years. At eighteen he was sent by his father to works connected with a mine in Wales. Gundry cut off his own right hand in parting from him, but he wanted the boy to learn something beyond

mere house-building. After two years there, Christopher went to Queensland, and thence to Wallaboo, one of the dreariest mining districts in South Australia, where he superintended the making of reservoirs on the hills, to hold the water supply for growing townships on the plain below. The well-water there was brackish, and human life and health depended on the conservation of rain-water, in a land of frequent droughts.

The nature of the soil, and the fury of the rain when it fell, rendered the task exceptionally difficult. Tanks made at enormous cost in a neighbouring district, had leaked after all, and failed. A spirited young engineer then came forward with a new scheme for Wallaboo. "I believe I can guarantee success," he said, "if you can find me a man to guarantee every inch of the work."

"I know your man," answered one of the promoters, "but you can't get him till the ——— Railway is done. He is tunnelling there now, and the men call him 'Never-say-die.'"

This was no other than Chris, as he was still

called. He went to Wallaboo: the work was carried through triumphantly, and Chris came home with his pockets well lined, after having to refuse as many offers as a Baltimore belle before he left Australian shores. He was throwing up fine prospects; but home-sickness had seized on him, and his father wrote that he was wanted at home to see after the others, "especially Joe." After that, all the gold in the colony would not have kept him away.

It was near the middle of April in a late spring. The trees were still brown, save for a faint flush of green or pale bronze here and there in sheltered places. Chris walked slowly up the well-remembered Wyk road, the hanging woods of Brent Cliff rising above the houses on his right. Shadows floated over the great green hills before him, and swept along the street, leaving gleams of sunlight on the spring flowers and bits of lawn in little front gardens. Oh, the green grass! He was obliged to stop and feast his eyes on it, after three years on the bare hills of Wallaboo. Then fear would seize him, and hasten him on. His last news from home was three months old; his first news in Australia had been of the death of his youngest brother, and the recollection made this hour one of keen suspense. He resolved to go first to the building yard, and hear tidings there.

Yet, with all his haste, he paused at the turning into Friar's Combe Road; for, as he reached it, there came, floating over the river, the tones of the old clock of St. Abbot's chiming the four quarters and striking three. Ten years ago, to the day and hour, he had been holding the pony, a little farther down the Wyk road, outside that warren of poor houses called the Riverside Leas, while his father went down into it, and in Archway Lane found his old love dying, and her husband, Claude Langdale—the high-born gifted artist who had won her, in all honour, from her lowly home—lying insensible on the floor; he was drunk.

Their room was let over their heads; the people were coming in that night. Their little girl, in her despair, had asked Gundry if he knew of any place to go to. He asked her name, and the answer, with what he saw, told him all. Mr. Brough, town-councillor, came down the lane, and, in the extremity, consented to let the woman be removed to an empty garret over his warehouse, which adjoined the house he lived in.

Chris had driven the mother and child there in the cart, and saw his father and Mr. Brough carry the dying woman into the house; there was no other way to the garrets open then. And, unseen himself, he had seen Gundry's burst of weeping afterwards, and guessed the secret of his father's heart.

He was watching outside, some hours later, when the wretched husband, led by Laurence Ryan (son of the widow who lived in the same house as the Langdales), came to the door. With great difficulty Chris managed to get him up those long, interminable stairs to the garrets, in time to receive his wife's last parting word of love. With her dying looks, when speech was past, she commended to Gundry's care her child—and then her husband.

"I will," he answered with a mortal throe, though he would fain have spurned the wretch out of his sight; and faithfully he kept his word.

He wished, his wife consenting, to bring up the child with their own; but she heard the offer, and went down the long stairs to Mr. Brough, to ask if she and her father might remain as they were, locked up in the garrets, away from temptation. Langdale had been working for Mr. Constable, an artistic house-decorator, who, when consulted, was willing to give him one more trial. Mr. Brough made him the offer of twelve month's confinement, without money. All he earned was to be in his gaoler's hands, to be spent or saved for him; and he was never to go out alone. If the terms were violated, he was to give up his child.

Langdale accepted; it was a last hope of deliverance from the sin he loathed—inherited through two generations on the mother's side. Chris became his body-guard out of doors, and once had to master him by force; at all other times the boy was his humble, adoring slave, ready to lay down his life for him—not all for Langdale's sake. Chris had been there to hear the wife's last word; he had seen her afterwards, lying in the triumphant calm of death, and the worship of his young life began. She was enshrined, for ever, the lady of his heart, though he hardly knew it—so little did he analyse his own feelings—until, one day, he heard the story of Aslauga's Knight. Fouqué has told how the noble knight, Sir Frode, loved the Lady Aslauga with the golden hair, dead since a hundred years. He knew her only in the olden poem and in rare visions; but while other knights went riding far and wide to seek fair ladies, he could sing:

"I have found her here, in the light of song,
I have found her, tender, wise, and fair,
Brave deeds will I do to honour her."

When the builder's boy heard that story, he knew that he, too, had found his dream-lady—in the light of her love and sorrow. Only, *his* Aslauga had raven hair, and dark, yearning eyes that went on loving to the last—the last! He was her servitor in serving the man she loved; and when that task was over, because Langdale, clothed and in his right mind, was a free man once more, still, year by year, Chris had tried to do—not brave deeds, for it seemed to him that nothing worth calling bravery came in his way—but faithful ones, in her honour. It was a silent, hidden homage, unknown to all; but he hoped the lady herself would know it—if not now, by-and-by; she might think it worth while to stoop and take it from his hand in heaven.¹

All this was in his heart as he turned and trudged along, with his red face and sandy-brown clothes, down the Friar's Combe Road to the building yard. The house beside it, which had been the family home for so many years, was now handed over to Deacon, the foreman. Gundry

¹ "Forestwyk" will be a story complete in itself; but any one wishing to know more of the antecedents of the characters is referred to "Zachary Brough's Venture," by the same author. (Jarrold & Sons.)

had stayed in it long after most men would have thought they could afford to move. As long as they were all happy there, he said, "Let well alone"; but the time came when the young ones wanted a larger and finer nest; and the picturesque old gabled house at the top of the low hill opposite becoming vacant, he took it, and moved into it about two years before his eldest son's return.

Chris hurried on, half hoping to find his father at the yard. Deacon, now a grey-headed man, was standing at the office door.

"Why, Master Chris!" he exclaimed, shaking his hand violently, in the warmth of his heart. "Well, to be sure! And there's your father and Master Joe gone up to London to meet you!"

"Oh!" Chris's countenance fell. It was a bitter disappointment, when he was wrought up for meeting them within ten minutes.

"Wire 'em, sir. They'll be back by the evening express," said Deacon, and dived into the office for a telegraph form.

"Is all right, Deacon?" asked Chris.

"All right, sir. All well, and got a beautiful place, as you know, and a deal of money laid out on it—everything up to date. And you should see the young ladies! You won't know them, nor Master Joe either."

"I suppose not," said Chris, and with rather a sinking heart he crossed the road to a wooden door in the stone wall, which Deacon unlocked for him. He was positively afraid of his own woman-kind. He had scarcely spoken to a woman of his own rank all the time he was at Wallaboo. He had come home first class, by his father's express wish, Gundry thinking that he would "want polishing up." Instead of being polished, he learned the flavour of disdain, and the taste was in his mouth still. He had never lived at home since Emma was sixteen, and Molly and Dolly little tots of nine and seven. He had gone on thinking of them as they were when he saw them last. What if they had grown as smart as the ladies on board ship?

Rather slowly, he climbed the steep meadow-path leading to Greenway Lodge—a fitting name, for, to reach the house on this side, he had to walk round the hedge to the orchard gate, and pass under branching trees to the kitchen-garden. A wicket in another high hedge admitted him to the flower-garden. Along the side of the house, French windows opened on a verandah with a lawn in front of it, and as Chris paused, wondering where to look for the front door, a voice from one of them cried "Chris!" and out flew a beautiful dark-eyed girl in a light dress, and threw her arms round his neck.

Chris bent his face down to hers, of course, but with an awful sensation of having to kiss a strange young lady.

"You *are* Chris, aren't you?" she said, drawing back, half frightened at the moderation of his response.

"Yes."

"Don't you know me? I'm Molly."

"Are you?" he said, and gazed—stared at her, to tell the truth. From the moment of landing, he had been struck by the beauty of his countrymen

and women, but Molly fairly took away his breath. Such eyes, with long curled lashes, looking out of the lovely rose-leaf tints of her dimpled face; such little teeth within the coral lips! But he looked in vain for his very own Molly "that was."

She gazed back, with a touch of dismay, on the likeness of a red full moon in a fog (only ten times redder than ever moon appeared), which she had just been kissing. A dreadful presentiment seized her that Chris was going to be a disappointment.

"I've knocked your hat off," he said gravely, and turned to pick it up. She was before him. Her movements were as quick and pretty as a kitten's, her little black shoes twinkling in and out of the folds of her cream-coloured dress. Chris stood still, appraising her, and marvelled.

"Where is mother?" he asked, clutching at the one love unchangeable.

"Indoors. Come," said Molly, and hurried before him through the window, across the drawing-room and hall to another room; and there was his mother sewing buttons on a flannel shirt. Then he knew that he had come home.

She met him with a silent, long embrace, and in her turn drew back to look at him, with the pretty pink flush in her cheeks that he remembered so well, but quite calm. It was not her way to put herself in a fluster over meetings and partings.

"And you have really come safely home!" she said, holding his hand.

"Yes, mother," said Chris; and by this time Emma, a fair, pretty, blue-eyed girl, came running in too, very little changed since he went away, except for the better, as he thought.

"Are we altered, Chris?" asked Molly.

"You are, not the others much," said Chris, not thinking, stupid fellow, to say what was in his mind, "You *have* all grown so handsome!"

The girls filled up the awkward pause with laments that their father and Joe had gone; and then his mother convinced herself that he wanted a meal straightway; he was escorted to his room, and came down to do his best to eat and drink under three pairs of women's eyes. His mother and Emma had work in their hands, but it made small progress. Molly chattered, and plied him with questions.

"Don't you like this house, Chris?"

"It's very pretty," he answered, and she racked her brain to think what to say next. The grand event which all the family had talked about for five years had taken place. Chris had come home; and it was all falling as flat as Holland. Poor Molly could have exclaimed with Miss Yonge's little heroine, "Nothing interesting and like a book ever does happen, nowadays."

Chris tried to think of proper inquiries after his relations. With a bright thought, he turned to Emma and asked, "How is Bentleigh?"

She coloured painfully, and her lip quivered as she answered, "I believe he is well."

Molly looked danger-signals at him, but Chris did not see. "Has he gone away?" he asked.

"From me," said Emma, and bursting into tears she rushed out of the room.

Chris started to his feet, but stood irresolute, afraid to follow her.

"Don't go, dear ; I will," said his mother, gathering up her work. "Sit down and eat your pudding."

"Is it broken off?" asked Chris.

"Yes, two months ago," she answered.

"And his doing?" asked the brother, his mild brow darkening ominously.

"Entirely," said Mrs. Gundry with emphasis ; "but your father agreed to it, and will never have him blamed."

Christopher's solid caution forbade his asking any more questions after that. He sat down and stared at his piece of pudding. The moment the door closed upon his mother, Molly broke forth—

"Chris, he was a horror. It's the greatest relief not to have him coming into the family, if only Emma would think so. Everybody hated him—at least, Joe and I did," said honest Molly, correcting herself with an effort.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Chris.

"He is perfectly detestably good—and sits upon everybody that isn't just the same."

"Oh!" The glimmer of a smile appeared on Christopher's sedate mouth.

"If you had had him doing good to *you*, you wouldn't laugh," said Molly indignantly.

"It's no laughing matter for poor Emma," said Chris gravely.

"Why should she fret after him, when he doesn't care for her? I can hardly have patience with her," said Molly. "One would think it was the greatest possible misfortune to lose a lover, and I am sure many worse things might happen to her."

These words came out of Molly's rosy lips with such an air of vast experience that Chris fairly smiled.

"You think there are plenty more where he came from?" he asked.

"No, I wasn't thinking of that," said Molly disdainfully. "She could make herself just as happy without one, if she would."

Chris leaned back, looking at her in admiring amusement.

"How old are you, Molly?" he asked.

"Sixteen," she answered, slightly displeased. She had been taken for eighteen, and did not care to tell her age.

"And left school already?"

"Oh yes. Only this week," explained Molly, with another pinch of honesty. "All the girls I had worked with were leaving, and I had come out with the top ones, so it was no use my staying on. I shall go on with my Greek and mathematics, and music and singing lessons."

She looked to see if he was astonished. Not at all. He was surprised at nothing in English young ladies, and only thought what a dolt he was by comparison. But from the moment when he learned Emma's trouble, the dreadful feeling of being the hero of the hour, and quite unequal to it, had given place to the old instinct for taking care of them all.

He wanted Molly to go on talking that he might watch the play of her face. Its lines were not statuesque. She had, though in a refined copy, her father's blunt features and straight eyebrows ; but every movement made a line of beauty,

and her face was always in motion—sparkling and changing like the deep sea. It made him think of a never-to-be-forgotten day in the South-east trades, when the foam on every deep blue wave caught the light at an angle which flung back a rainbow. A dance of rainbows—that was Molly. His big heart swelled with an intense yearning to hush the gales, and keep those rainbows always playing ; but he knew that in her young independence she would only laugh merrily at him for wanting to try.

"Were the other girls older than you?" he asked.

"Oh yes, eighteen or nineteen. Nearly all my friends are older than I am," said Molly. "My great friend, Alcie Langdale, is twenty-one."

"She didn't go to the High School, did she?" said Chris.

"Oh no, and she left Miss Bradbury's when I was twelve."

Molly had left two years later, to go to the famous Forestwyk High School, where her triumphs had been greater than her own account implied ; she had come out first in all but two subjects at the Christmas examinations. "She was always supposed to be Emma's friend," she continued, "but when Emma became swallowed up in James, Alcie was left for me ; and I had much the best of the bargain."

Chris smiled.

"You will want to go and see Mr. Langdale, won't you?" said Molly.

"Yes."

"But we can't go to-day," Molly added, "for they will be gone to the cemetery. It is the day her mother died."

"I know," answered Chris, to her surprise.

Another pause.

"Don't you want to go over the house?" said Molly, by way of reviving the conversation.

"Yes," said Chris, reverting to his pudding first, however. He was brought up never to leave anything on his plate.

The house was beautiful of its kind, with oak rafters and mullioned windows, and curious picturesque turns and recesses ; and, as far as the builders' work extended, its fittings were perfectly in keeping with its character—Langdale had seen to that. But when it came to furnishing, Mrs. Gundry's first care had been to bring over all her dear old belongings, regardless of appearance, as though it had been impious to leave a hoof behind. And instead of putting them all together in certain rooms, she mixed the old with the new, giving an effect, as some one said of a famous lady's *coiffure*, of being "not *old-fashioned*, which would have given a touch of sentiment, but strangely out of fashion." Gundry noticed it, but said nothing, hoping that either she would see it herself in time, or the things would "wear more together." Exactly the opposite happened, since after a certain age the process of growing shabby goes on at increased speed.

Chris saw it, and had a fellow-feeling for his old friends, now so evidently not up to their position. They did not even serve to set off the new things,

for in their company these had an upstart look, quite saucily smart and new.

Mrs. Gundry came out of Emma's room, and told him not to go in. Emma must be kept quiet. He obeyed, not without pain. In old times, whoever in the house was sick or sorry, the first medicine cried for was "Christie."

His mother next displayed her guest-chamber, and he saw himself full length in the wardrobe mirror, and Molly at his side, in her dainty, cream-coloured dress, with tartan ribbon at the neck and wrists; her dark, wavy hair tossed back from her forehead and knotted behind in some mysterious way that was not very tidy, but entirely becoming; her little nimble tongue running musically on, and keeping up the bewitching changes in her bonnie face. Chris turned away, and saw, belated among the bright modern furniture, the heavy mahogany arm-chair, with much-rubbed leather, where he used to curl up for comfort in his own childish griefs. The room would look much better without it now, though no one liked to say so.

His mind went back to an evening—one of many—when he had come home late, and was hurried upstairs because the baby of the period refused to go to sleep without having said good-night to "Tith." This time it was the youngest—little Robbie. Chris could feel now the tight clinging of that soft, tiny hand round his finger, and hear the coo of content with which the little one settled down to sleep. And that perfect trust was gone! If the little fellow had lived, it would still be gone. That was the worst of it.

He went submissively over the house, but quite failed to put in the notes of admiration which ought to have signified the progress; he scarcely spoke a word.

It was trying, and Molly thought so.

CHAPTER II.

LANGDALE and Alcie came out of the railway station and turned into the Wyk road. They had been to lay a wreath on the beloved grave. It was the festival day of her whom they loved, and they never let it pass without bringing flowers to the spot sacred to her, though they never thought of her as there.

Years had made little change in Langdale, save to smooth away more of the marks of former care and grief. His hair, so early silvered, was no greyer. He looked his age—no more; and with his lithe, tall figure, his courtly bearing, and a certain delicate precision which had come into his attire, he was noted, even by passing strangers, as a man of distinction.

Alcie had grown up so tall and slight that the two constant companions were named "The Langdale Pikes." Her face was strangely little altered since her childish days. It had been long and pale then—it was so still, but that suited the woman better than the child; so did the lines of thought about her small, firm mouth. Her large dark eyes—so dark as to look quite black in shadow—were fringed, as of old, by long, straight, heavy lashes. The lower line of her brow was beautiful, her eyebrows finely pencilled, but the wide fore-

head was over-full, as though pressed out by the weight of thought behind. At present this could not be seen, under her shady black hat. Her straight, slim figure was too thin for her height, and showed to advantage in her walking-dress, chosen, as was all she wore, according to her father's eye for grace of form. Her movements were apt to be hurried—almost jerky. Not symmetry, but intensity, characterised her supremely. Alcie had the world in her heart still, and it weighed there; but she still kept a great deal of her old childish power of throwing off the load.

At the turn towards their field-path, Langdale paused. "Shall we go round by the road," he said, "and look in at Greenway to see if anything has been heard of Chris?"

Alcie agreed gladly. They went in by the front gate, but hearing voices on the lawn, Langdale peeped round the house, and suddenly waved his hat and shouted, "Aha, aha, there he is!"

Then came something like a meeting! Such handshakes, such giving of joy all round, and turning back again to the dear mother to hold her two hands and congratulate her in particular; such happy laughter over little jokes, as if they were something quite superior!

"We're glad to see you," said Langdale, laying his hand on Chris's shoulder.

Chris did not even try to speak.

"You've not dwindled away," Langdale continued, and they all laughed again, in the gladness of their hearts. Emma had come down, and stood beside Langdale. He asked questions which compelled Chris to find his tongue a little.

Molly began to feel that something *had* happened, after all. She was standing with her hand on Alcie's arm.

Chris glanced furtively at them when Langdale turned again towards his mother and Emma. He could hardly look at Alcie—the scene of their first meeting came back too vividly; and yet he could hardly keep his eyes away from her. Exercise, and the stir of the moment, had brought colour to her cheek: her face was all lit up with sympathetic joy; but something in her eyes appealed to him, as her child-face had done all those years ago, and made him long to find something—anything, to do for her.

Yet she repelled him. That indefinable air of the great world, so marked in her father, was hers also now. She had far less beauty than either of his sisters; beside Molly she might have been called a plain girl. No queenly grace distinguished her; and yet he felt that they were all clodhoppers compared with her.

Mrs. Gundry begged the visitors to come in and have some tea.

"No, no. Not this first night, thank you," said Langdale; and he took leave, kindly enjoining Chris to come and find out Woodside as soon as he could.

Alcie said "Good-night," and held out her hand to Chris. As he took it, their eyes met, and hers were soft with the memory of all that he had been to her father in the past. Instinctively the clasp of their two hands tightened; then it loosed—she was gone, and Chris turned away with a terrible

thrill vibrating through his heart. He did not know if it was joy or pain, but it was something a man must die of, if he had to go on feeling it in all its force.

It passed : our strongest emotions always do, or we should die of them indeed. But ah, how long after the sound has ceased the harp-string goes on quivering !

The others had gone with their visitors to the gate. Chris had forgotten that part of his duty : he had lived so long where there were no gates to open. The girls came back saying that it was getting cold, and called him into the drawing-room, where a bright fire was kindled.

"This looks like England," said Chris, sitting down before it with the first real, home-like sensation he had experienced yet.

There were still three hours of this long, long day to be gone through before his father and Joe could arrive, but they passed more easily than any before them. He had *felt*. The strange sense of walking like a bloodless ghost among the living began to give way. When the twilight gathered, his sisters came and sang to him, and his mother put down her work and sat by him with her hand in his. The daylight waned, the red firelight glowed, and the sweet voices sang on still. It was like a dream—a lovely one ; but he kept on looking round for the little ones that ought to be coming in and climbing on his knee. "No child dies so completely as the child that grows up."

At last came the longed-for sound of a cab stopping at the gate. Chris rushed out, and the meeting took place in the dark, where no one could say what he and Joe demeaned themselves to, in the rashness of the moment.

Then home *was* home, with his father at the head of the table—a real hungry supper, and a good old buzz ; Joe with his boy's face still, only twice as handsome, and his boyish ways, only a little more confident and masterful. And his mother, looking the picture of happiness, tried to keep him in order, and pretended not to see when he defied her, just in the old way.

"This your make, Molly?" asked Gundry, as he put his knife into a noble raised pie.

"Yes, father."

"Kevver 'tittle puss !" said Gundry.

That was a hoary saying, preserved since one of his wife's sisters, in the triumph of having threaded her first needle, had exclaimed, "What a c'ever 'tittle puss I are !" Chris smiled. He had never heard anyone called a "c'ever 'tittle puss" since he went away.

Emma sat pensive through all the buzz, and there were little signs of defiance in Joe which looked like something more than play. Chris noted that. And at bedtime, when he and his father stood alone together in his room for a minute, Gundry took his two hands and said, "We've wanted you, my boy. We shall be all right now you have come back."

Chris heard with a pang. His father thought he could step at once into his old place and guide the children, and never saw how dull he had become, while the little pussies had been growing up too clever for him at his best.

Joe looked in when his father was gone, and hung about wistfully ; but talk would not come, and he gave it up.

Chris was out very early next morning. Whatever else had changed, the spring was just the same as ever, and its beauty was so enchanting to him, he was restless as a lover in his eagerness not to miss an hour of it. Spring was late ; only the plum-trees were in blossom yet. It was a very ordinary morning, with cold grey clouds about the sky, an east wind, and fitful sunshine. Chris walked about in a quiet ecstasy. He held out his broad hands to feel the keen fresh air ; at every other step he paused to look at some little flower glinting through the grass, as though he would have said to each, "My bonnie gem !"

Joe, lying in bed, saw him walking down the orchard, and sprang up to dress and join him. Talking was easier out-of-doors, with things to show. Joe happened to mention Bentleigh.

"Tell me," said Chris, "is he a bad fellow?"

"No, not half. Only an idiot," said Joe. "He is a pious idiot."

"How came they to break it off?"

"Nobody can make out," said Joe. "My idea is that she supplied all barley-sugar and he wanted salt."

"He ought to have liked it," said orthodox Chris.

"I shouldn't," said Joe, with a glance of his bright eyes irresistibly suggestive of a cock-robin defying anyone to put a little salt on his tail. "They were a couple of idiots born, and became wholly sanctified on top of it. They got engaged at a Convention, with nothing else to live on—"

"I thought he had a situation," put in Chris.

"Nothing worth his own salt, not to mention a wife's," said Joe. "You know all about father's getting him a good thing here. It was that that did it, I believe ! Coming here threw him out of all his line of work—good works, I mean. He had nothing to do out of hours but to come up here billing and cooing till he got tired of it. I saw it coming on as soon as I got home. She didn't—catch her !—till he wrote her five sheets of explanations and asked her to seek the right leadings with him. Well—father had leadings to say he had better go about his business ; and now she thinks it was all his doing—except what was mine," added Joe, after a moment's hesitation.

"Yours !" exclaimed Chris.

"Yes. I cheeked him sometimes, I know," said Joe honestly, "till father heard me one day ; and didn't he just come down on me, to Bentleigh's face ! Bentleigh was awfully nice about that ; I've liked him ever since. And when the smash came, he wrote to her, 'Don't think dear Joe has anything to do with this.' So when Emma wants to be impressive, she calls me 'Dear Joe.'"

"Joey !"

"I'm very sorry for her," said Joe curtly, "but as long as it's her line to show up sanctified affliction, what can a fellow do ? If you cheer her up, you take away the one object of existence she has left."

"Is he about still?" asked Chris.

"No, he threw up his situation to get out of her way—spare her feelings. So you see he did what he could."

They had reached the stable, and went in to see the ponies.

Gundry was very busy just now. He came in late to breakfast, and set off directly afterwards in the dog-cart, to inspect work he had in hand a few miles out of the town. Chris went with him, revelling in the views that opened at each fresh turn in the road.

"And what do you think of all the youngsters?" said Gundry, presently.

"I am sorry for Emma. Bentleigh has served her very badly," said Chris.

"He made a mess of it; but I'll never have a word said against young folks for doing that with their courting," said Gundry, "so long as they mean it honest; and I'm sure he did. It may likely be as nasty a corner as ever they'll have to turn, and if they get a shave—well, I'm sorry for them. And I'm *very* sorry for Dr. Bentleigh, when he thought he had a son well off his hands."

"James acted against his own interest, at any rate," said Chris.

"That was what I felt," said Gundry, "and so I couldn't hold him to his bargain. If I'd been *his* father, I would have! I'd teach him how to play pranks with a girl like our Emma! But I was *hers*, and it wasn't for me to press him, and perhaps see her married to him and he not caring for her. And now, poor child, she thinks her father didn't study her feelings; but that was just what I did."

Chris never doubted that.

"One wouldn't think it was so hard to get young men started out nowadays," remarked Gundry, after a pause, "when two of them in six months could afford to throw up such chances. Uncle Richard Jarnley would have let Joe work up to be a partner in time, if he had got on as we expected of him."

"What went wrong there?" asked Chris, with keener anxiety than he had felt on Emma's account.

"Can't make that out either," said Gundry, "unless it was that he felt out with the girls. They're such nice girls, too—all of them. I can't think how he could."

"Perhaps one of them was too nice," said Chris gravely.

"I don't think it was that," said Gundry; "it doesn't look to me like it. Your uncle never found a serious fault with him, and I thought he was safe to go on, when he wrote and told me he couldn't stand the place any longer. That was before last Christmas, when his year would be up. Of course he didn't know what he lost by it. I went up to see Richard, and he was as much surprised as I was, and said the lad had better go home. They didn't always know where he had been when he went out evenings, and perhaps he was getting into something that he felt he was best out of. You can fancy what *that* was to me."

"I'm sure there's no harm in Joe, father," said Chris earnestly. He had seen something of real

badness in boys who went first-class on board ship and loafed in the colonies, and his instincts told him that Joe had no affinity with them.

"I hope not," said Gundry sadly, "but I never knew a boy so changed for the worse as he was when he first came home. And I thought it would have been the other way, going where they were all so good."

"Six good girls was rather much," said Chris slowly.

"Anyhow, that's up," said Gundry; and Chris knew by his tone how keen was the mortification of having Joe back on his hands. "I've put him into Monthurst's office for a year. It will be all in his line if he comes back to the old shop again, and worth the fee, I daresay."

Mr. Monthurst was the chief architect in Forestwyk.

"Then were you thinking of Joe's being with you?" asked Chris.

"What do *you* want to do, my son?" asked Gundry.

"Whatever you want me to, father."

Gundry smiled; it was so like his old Chris.

"You must learn to study yourself some day," he answered. "You know I have always looked forward to having you —"

"And so have I," said Chris.

"But you will have better chances now. *You* won't stand upon hand."

"I don't want anything better," said Chris, "unless you want to have Joe."

"That's where it is," said Gundry. "I always thought Joe would be the one to make his way anywhere, and I could keep the old hole for you, and let us jog along together. But it's going just the other way."

There was a visible disappointment on Christopher's round face that warmed his father's heart.

"Well, father, I'd never stand in Joe's light," he answered deliberately.

"No more will I, my boy," said Gundry, laying his hand on his son's broad shoulder; "but as long as it doesn't stand too much in *yours*, I'd like to have you. I've counted on it ever since I carried you about, with you holding on to my whiskers, and it would cost me something to give it up. All the same, I see you and I feel alike—we mostly did, always. We'll give it up, if we ought; but unless anything turns up to pull strong the other way, we'll keep it before us. You must take a bit of a holiday before you settle down to anything."

"I have had enough of doing nothing on board ship," said Chris.

"That's not like a holiday on shore," said Gundry. "You've got everybody to go and see" (Chris shuddered inwardly). "And I've been thinking how to give Emma a change. Bentleigh cuts her off from the Jarnleys" (his father was their family doctor). "What do you think of your taking the girls to Switzerland for June, before the rush comes on, there?"

Chris looked doubtful. He would have had no hesitation in undertaking the control of a thousand navvies, but he did not know about Molly—especially with Emma there too.

"Shall we wait till nearer the time before you say anything about it?" he said.

Gundry agreed.

"And let me go to work, father," said Chris. "I can't stand doing nothing, with you hard at it all day."

"Well—I'm never sorry to have you," said Gundry; "but mind, your time is your own. You must knock off whenever you want to. Come on as a half-timer, and take time to go about with the girls. That's what is most wanted just now, you will see."

For once in his life, Chris opened his mouth to object to one of his father's behests, but he shut it again. The wise rarely oppose abstract resolutions, reserving their force until the matter comes to a point—if it ever does.

The hill they were mounting grew steeper, and father and son got down to walk.

"What was so much wrong with Joe when he came home?" asked Chris.

"Crusty all over. Wouldn't say what had upset him, and was savage if anyone asked where he had been when he went out—and a brute to Emma; till one day he went a long walk with Mr. Langdale, and came back all different. I shouldn't wonder——"

Gundry stopped, and a significant look passed between father and son.

"I thanked Mr. Langdale for having given him a good lecture, as I supposed," continued Gundry, "and he said, 'No, I didn't do that.'"

Chris walked on in silence; the old passion of hero-worship and nursing-mother's love combined tugged at his heart.

"I asked him if he knew what the murder was—not for him to tell me, of course," said Gundry; "and he said 'No, but Alcie did.' So it can't be much bad."

Chris felt a stab in a dangerous place. What business had Joe to be talking over his concerns with Alcie?

"I told mother, to ease her mind, as I thought," added Gundry, with a look half-droll, half-tender; "but she didn't half like it."

He would hardly have said that, even to his trusty boy, if he had known the clue Chris had to the story of the past. Chris said nothing, but silently his heart ranged itself on his mother's side, if her boy went to the daughter of her husband's old love with things he would not tell to her.

So did his father's; Chris saw that in his eyes. Whatever else might be disappointing in this home-coming, these two were satisfied in one another.

They paused where a gate opened on a field-path, to look at the wide view across the valley, and Chris asked if he ought to walk home by that path, to be in time to meet Dolly at the station as arranged. She was coming home from school for Easter. Gundry looked at his watch, and reluctantly agreed that this was necessary.

"There's something to read on the way, my boy," he said, taking out a letter worn with much reading, for it had been the stay of his heart under the bitter disappointments of the past winter.

He stood at the gate and watched the great, tall fellow out of sight, with the same devouring fond-

ness he had felt for his first-born babe, mingled with untold pride. It would be very difficult for him to see a fault in Chris.

Chris walked off in a very bad mood—rather an unwonted experience in his virtuous life. What use was he to Joe, when the boy had Alcie and Mr. Langdale already? What value to anyone, except his partial parents? He was a devoted son, yet his young heart rebelled against being set in rank with the generation above him. They had had their time, and he wanted to have his. He had thrown up everything for home's sake, and now he was there, he felt good for nothing, and angry that it should be so. His father expected him to do good to Joe and Molly; and they would only rate him with Bentleigh if he tried.



IT WAS FROM ADAMSON.

He opened the letter. It was from Adamson, the brilliant, high-principled, sceptical engineer with whom he had worked at Wallaboo, and evidently was in answer to a letter from Gundry consenting to extend Chris's leave of absence if extension of the works required this. The testimony it bore to his value as head of the work was nothing new to him: Adamson had expressed it over and over again; but the letter went on to speak of what he was to his chief as a companion. "Without exception the purest-hearted fellow I ever came across," Adamson wrote, "and the most unselfish,

though he is as hard as nails where principle is concerned. If I am not a better man to all eternity for having known him, I shall have something to answer for. He has any amount of ideas, too—a fellow you could never get sick of, even in a hut on Wallaboo; and after two years of his company and no other, I have never once felt inclined to pitch him out of doors—if I could."

The last words were evidently an after-thought, as the slight young engineer caught a vision of himself butting at his companion like a goat at a pollard oak. They made Chris smile, but his heart was quivering. How he had yearned over that man—prayed and striven for him; and been teased and laughed at, worsted in argument, and wholly shut up from saying good words, even if he had found any to say. And yet it had not been all in vain: Adamson believed in eternity, after all.

CHAPTER III.

PUNCTUALLY at ten minutes to eight, Zachary Brough, miller, town-councillor, and general servant of the public in Forestwyk, walked into the dining-room in No. 2 King's Buildings and rang the bell for prayers. He had walked into that room at the same hour ever since he ceased to be carried in to sit on his mother's knee. He sat down on the same horsehair chair, the same family Bible open on the table—you could almost have said the same piece of gammon of bacon pushed back to make room for it, as had been there in his father's time before him.

He had been grey at forty: at sixty-five there was only a little more of silver and less of iron in his locks. The lines had deepened a little on his rugged features, and about his long, clean-shaven upper lip; his brown-grey eyes were clear and shrewd as ever, but softer. Mr. Brough had been through a great upheaval of nature since he completed his threescore years.

The following year had almost fled, when, one morning, he gravely put the question to his faithful housekeeper: "Do you think you could put up with a mistress, Keren?"

"Do you mean Miss Janie, sir?" asked Keren-happuch in return.

"Keren, you are too clever by half," said Mr. Brough, shaking his head at her. He really had counted on giving her a fright.

"Miss Janie" was his favourite sister, long an invalid. She had lately lost her husband. Mr. Constable offered her only son a position in his business, and it followed naturally that Mr. Brough should offer the mother and son a place in his large house.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked.

"I'd been thinking of it myself, sir, and I can't see what you could do better for yourself, and her, and Mr. Alick."

"She will have to bring Hove, you know," he said.

Hove was his sister's devoted maid.

"I've thought of that, sir."

"And you think you could pull together?"

"I don't see why not, sir. Mrs. Hove will want to put her lady first in everything, and so will you."

"Umph. That's to be the line, is it?" said Mr. Brough. "Well, Mrs. Norbury must have the drawing-room floor, front and back, and the little slip for Hove."

"Yes, sir."

Keren retired with her tray. At dinner-time she came up again to say, "If you please, sir, I've been thinking, if you could spare me a few days, and it was convenient to Mrs. Norbury, I'd like to go up to London, and let Mrs. Hove show me how her lady is used to have everything done, so as we could do the same for her here."

Mr. Brough stood up and held out his hand to his faithful servant.

"You shall go," was all he said. They looked one another in the face, and Keren's heart was satisfied.

The news was published, and people thought the situation would "take a great deal of grace," as the Friends say, and wondered how the old bachelor and his housekeeper would get on with it. Even Mrs. Rohan, the friend who knew him best, said, smiling, "It will be a great shaking up of all your customs"; and Mr. Brough only smiled in return, for he could not say to her, nor to Langdale, the lines that were always running in his head in varied tones of triumph:

"When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down,
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among,
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young."

The face was coming. With the joy of a young lover, he called in Langdale—still at the head of the art-work in Mr. Constable's business—to help him to transform his fine old drawing-room and the bedroom behind it into an invalid's bower, without destroying the character they had had "when all was young."

It was done; and there, for one sweet year, the lady dwelt, in the deep shadow of her own bereavement, but with her face ever turned towards the Light beyond, and her heart open to every interest in the new, old life around her, and responsive to the tender love of her brother and her son.

That was a year of years to Zachary Brough. All sweet old memories and sweeter hopes gathered about the calm, sweet present. He had had something like it in his mother's lifetime, but then he always knew that in the course of nature she must go first, and leave him lonely. He looked forward, now, to spending all the rest of the pilgrimage in this dear companionship—seeing the young ones grow up and settle—dropping the cares of life one by one, as age drew on, and he and his Janie would be left to keep the hearth-fire bright for one another. He carefully altered his will so as to secure the old home to her, should she outlive him and wish to remain there.

As the months passed on, and her health and spirits seemed to be reviving under his and Alick's

devoted care, he was full of plans for taking her out, and bringing more variety into her life at home. Then, suddenly, came a paralytic seizure, and for eighteen months they watched the wreck of a mind more feeble even than the shattered frame that held it.

Zachary could have let her go to heaven; she was just fit for it; but he knew not how to bear the sight of this living death. In one respect, the stroke had fallen gently—it almost always does, on minds like hers; the fair spirit, stripped of all its ornaments, still wore its robe of white. But the maladies from which she had suffered before, still tormented her; and now that she could no longer understand the cause of her distress, it was piteous to hear her appeals to those about her to do this or that—things utterly impossible—which she thought would take the pain away. She often failed to recognise her brother. When she knew him, it was worse still, for she thought he was preventing her return to her husband.

There were only two, besides her faithful maid, whom she always knew, and entirely trusted—they were her son and Alcie Langdale. Her firstborn child had been a dark-eyed girl who died at eight years old. After first seeing Alcie, she had said to her brother, "She is like what my Cara would have been"; and when speech returned, after the attack, and she was calling piteously for her husband and Cara, Mr. Brough remembered that, and led Alcie to her side.

She was satisfied at once; the lost child had grown up, in the mother's dreams, and now the broken mind identified her with this young, dark-eyed girl.

Of course Alcie stayed on, through long watches. They thought it could be only a few days before release must come; but days went on to weeks, and weeks to months. The mortal symptoms disappeared; life might endure for years, but only a death in life. And Alcie, who had been allowed to grow necessary to her when they thought the time was short, joyfully offered up no small portion of her own young life to that sick room. Once Dr. Oakham demurred to the sacrifice.

"It is not a sacrifice. I like it better than anything," she said. Nothing could be a sacrifice to her that was done for Mr. Brough.

Her father believed her, and let her go, though the daily claim gave her a life apart from that of other girls. She took the afternoons. In the evenings Alick was free, and ready to give up everything else for his mother, if she wanted him.

When the days drew in, Langdale would come to fetch his daughter, and a custom began of their staying to tea at King's Buildings. It made one brighter spot in the day for Mr. Brough, and Alick too; and when daylight lengthened again, and Langdale had to use it for his work, Alcie stayed without him; he gave her up very gladly to the friend who had done so much for them.

Summer crept back: the sufferer failed more, and had more to suffer. Then, when the autumn leaves were falling, the long distress was ended, and the longer joy began.

The relief, to the brother, was so great that it was some time before he realised that his own dream of

joy was gone; and the dreams of old age are hard to part from: when they perish, there is no other season left for them to bloom in.

Age, too, is a long season in these days. A hale man of sixty-three may have a great deal of time before him. Mr. Brough felt the outlook dreary, when he turned back to the life he had had before Janie came. But the light which cast a shadow on it was a light still. He had learned a long chapter in his *humanities*, and it was surprising how many things grew clearer by it, and entered deeper. All his friends and neighbours rose up to comfort him, and he did not rebel against it—he even liked them the better. The bond between him and those who served in his household had strengthened tenfold. And he had Alick. This was not an unmixed blessing, since it deprived him to a great extent of two other objects of his attachment, solitude and (now there was no lady in the house) Alcie; but he had grown used to having less of the former; and as to the latter—if he had dreams of his own about her future, he never mentioned them.

Alick himself was a most lovable companion, always ready to fall in with other people's habits or get out of their way; devoted to his uncle, and to Mr. Langdale, whom he considered the founder of his fortunes—for Langdale's holiday lessons in drawing had first developed his artistic powers, and when, only a few months after his joining the firm, Mr. Bolton, the second in command in the art-room, went to a fashionable London house, it was Langdale who enabled Alick gradually to work into his position, by doing almost double work himself for a time. He and Mr. Constable had their reward now. Alick was made for a decorator—with plenty of talent, and no erratic, fiery spark of genius to make business details a penance to him. A more pleasant fellow to work with, or employ, could not be; he was always satisfied, always loyal, always considerate. And his tact with customers was unrivalled. The people who rasped Langdale's nerves were all fun for him. He would carry them off, take their orders, circumvent their atrocious ideas, and come back in the highest spirits, declaring that his experiences were laying up an awful prospect for his grandchildren, when, in his garrulous old age, he would be sure to insist on perpetually running them off the reel. In person, he was slight and agile, of middle height, with light-blue eyes and black lashes, refined Saxon features, and silky black hair and moustache; and his clothes always looked as if Nature had made them for him.

At the first sound of the prayer-bell, his light foot clattered on the oaken staircase; he never kept anyone waiting.

"I forgot to tell you, last night, that young Gundry has come back," he said, as he poured out his uncle's coffee.

"Umph. I must step round," said Mr. Brough, with a marked tone of satisfaction in his grunt.

In the pride of his heart, Gundry had shown Mr. Adamson's letter to all his best friends, and raised a general expectation that poor Chris would come home developed into a sort of Admirable Crichton,

or like Coelebs' Lucilla, adorning every virtue with every grace.

It happened that morning that a design of Langdale's was missing, and Alick was sent to find it.

Alcie was expecting visitors for Easter—Langdale's cousin Fanny Arrowhead, her husband and two youngest boys; and she and Molly, who had taken cookery lessons together in the Christmas holidays, seized the occasion to distinguish themselves. When Alick arrived, they were both working away, with their sleeves rolled up and large aprons on.

Mrs. Farlie, the cook, was giving the entrance an extra cleaning, and told him he would find the young ladies in the kitchen. She had ruled at Woodside for several years, and kept up the household arrangements to a pitch that exactly suited her master's taste. She quite approved of the young ladies' putting feathers in their caps, but it made her nervous to see them do it, and when they wanted the kitchen she always found exploits required elsewhere. The girls approved, for they were nervous too; and besides, they had all the affairs of the universe to settle in parentheses between the tarts—Molly having already made up her mind on numerous questions, respecting which Alcie was still ambitious to have a fixed opinion.

On this occasion, Molly had come down expressly to make her famous brawn of beefsteak and pig's head. She had just tumbled out the soft, fat meat upon the hottest of dishes, and was cutting it up post-haste, so as to ram it into her tin before it cooled, when there was a tap at the door, and Alick put in his head.

"Get out. Fuff. Go!" cried Molly, and shook her little, red, greasy hands at him so fiercely that he fled for his life. Her fame was at stake! If people not used to these transformation scenes were to see how unpleasant food can look, what illusions would vanish from the table!

Alcie ran out to see what the intruder wanted, repeating—

"A cook when cooking is a sort of fury:

A maxim worth remembering, I assure ye."

"So I perceive," said Alick, feeling his joints. "Tell Molly she looked such daggers I really can't say where they did *not* penetrate."

There had been no break in the intimacy of these young people since the days when Alick used to prance on all-fours with Molly on his back, and Alcie looked on, secretly regretting that she

was too big to be offered a turn. He was almost as much at home at Greenway as at Woodside.

The missing design was found in a folio of Alcie's. Alick paused to look over drawings of hers. "You are coming on," he said.

"No, Alick. I am just the same," said Alcie. "I can make things neat and soft, when I take pains enough, and that is all. I have been trying to be an artist for five years now, and if it were not for father, I would give it up."

"And lose all your five years' work? Oh no, you must put new spirit into it. See," Alick turned over the sheets—"See this—and this—how delicate! And think what a help you are to Mr. Langdale."

"Yes, I can do backgrounds and repetitions," said Alcie. "I can drone the bagpipes if some one else plays the air—I don't mind that. It is my tunes that worry me, because they have no soul."

"Oh, nonsense. You get too high a standard by studying *here*," said Alick. "Some day you will wake up, like Undine, and find you have a soul! But I must go. Make my peace with Molly, pray. Tell her Mrs. Farlie must be responsible."

Alcie took him out by the back way, and he called at the kitchen door, "Good-bye, Molly. Pardon the errors of a poor young man."

Molly, having settled her brawn, emerged, with her red hands rolled up in her apron, and walked down to the back gate with him and Alcie. As they reached it, she exclaimed, "Why, there is Chris!"

"What luck for me!" said Alick, and bounded to meet him—said a few hearty words, and ran off full speed along the field path.

Chris stood still, trying to collect his wits. Alcie wished him good morning, and he came up and shook hands with her. Molly asked him where he was going, and, on hearing, hurried him away. She and Alcie walked back to the house, neither owning what both felt—Molly in particular—how stupid and clumsy poor old Chris appeared beside Alick.

Chris walked on, disappointed. He had longed to feel again that thrill of yesterday. He thought the sight of Alcie would bring it, and it had not; he had felt nothing but the misery of his embarrassment. It was like that old day when he went forth yearning to comfort her, and found her laughing, with seed-cake for tea.

And what was Alick doing at Woodside, he would like to know?



ON MOUNTAINEERS AND MOUNTAINEERING.



DE SAUSSURE DESCENDING FROM THE COL DU GÉANT.

MONSIEUR HORACE BENEDICT DE SAUSSURE was not a mountaineer, and did not pretend to be one; but his ascent of Mont Blanc gave an impetus to mountain exploration, and, unwittingly, he started the fashion for mountaineering. No sooner did he return to Chamonix¹ than a tourist who was there went off and followed De Saussure's track. He was almost the first of the mountaineering race. The Genevese philosopher ascended the mountain to make physical, meteorological, and geological observations; Colonel Beaufoy went up for the sake of sport, to amuse himself.

For a considerable time mountain climbing for the sake of amusement made little progress. The fact was that those who indulged in it knew absolutely nothing of the mountaineer's art; they could not do without professional aid, and they found that professional assistance was expensive. In the twenty-five years after Mont Blanc was conquered there were only half-a-dozen other

ascents, and the persons who went up had to be nursed and cared for like so many children. Even the professional guide went about in those days in a fashion which would now be thought absurd. The ice-axe was almost unknown, and in order to overcome difficulties he had to avoid or circumvent them. During the lifetime of De Saussure two engravings were executed under his direction showing the manner in which he and his troop of twelve guides went to the Col du Géant and back again. We reproduce here the one which shows them descending. They are not using a rope, and are wandering about like a flock of sheep. The whole of the party are employing alpenstocks—not ice-axes—and for the most part are holding them improperly. They are endeavouring to prop themselves up with them in front, instead of leaning upon them behind, as they should do. M. de Saussure (who is last but one on the left) is about to harpoon one of his own feet; and, if he continues to hold the implement in that manner, in the course of the next few yards must infallibly

¹ See the "Leisure Hour" for August, 1895.

tumble head over heels. De Saussure went about on his mountain expeditions in a long-tailed silk coat, with enormous buttons. The coat which he is said to have worn on his ascent of



DE SAUSSURE'S COAT, PRESERVED AT GENTHOD.

Mont Blanc is preserved at the family house at Genthod, near Geneva; and, whether it is the identical coat or not, it agrees fairly well with the garment in which he is represented in the engraving at the head of this article.

From time to time some of the great Alps were overcome. The Jungfrau (13,671 feet) was conquered in 1811; but after that there was a long interval before another considerable ascent was made. In 1840 the attention which was given to the motion of glaciers by Agassiz, Desor, Studer, and others, and the speculations which they indulged in as to the manner of the formation and progression of glaciers, excited curiosity and indirectly induced idlers to visit the Alps; and, a little later, the labours of Professor Forbes in the same field, and especially the excellent map of the Mer de Glace and its tributary glaciers that he published in 1843 (which still is not superseded), exerted a more potent influence. It is now nearly forgotten that the rival glacier theories of these men of science excited an extraordinary degree of warmth both in professional and non-professional circles. There were cliques and factions that took sides, and squabbled and almost fought over the formation and motion of glaciers. The late Mr. John Ball gave the following amusing account of

what he heard some years afterwards one evening at the Grimsel Hospice. "I perceived," said he, "by the louder tones of my companions that they were engaged in some rather angry discussion, and, as it became impossible not to hear, my attention was at length fixed by their conversation. The discussion amused me so much that I made a note of it.

'Then I think we had better separate; after this it is impossible for us to go on together.'

'With all my heart; the less I see of you for the future, the better pleased I shall be.'

'Very well; you can go whichever way you please in the morning, and I shall go in the opposite direction.'

'It's all alike to me, so long as I get rid of your company.'

'Ah! I always suspected you.'

'What for, I should like to know?'

'I remember well what you said one day in Heidelberg.'

'And what did I say in Heidelberg?'

"Here the voices fell, and for a while I heard nothing distinctly. My curiosity was excited, and as the voices rose again I listened, and found that the matter of dispute was neither of the common topics—politics or religion—but the theory of glaciers. One held what was then the orthodox faith at Heidelberg—the views published by Agassiz—while the other spoke of them and their author in the most irreverent tone, I fear even calling the latter a humbug."

About this time a Chamoniard came to the front, a man of unusual intelligence, an excellent mountaineer, who helped on the progress of mountaineering. Auguste Balmat, the guide in question, was associated with Professor Forbes through all his work in the Alps, and for a number of years afterwards took part in many prominent enterprises. He was equally efficient in escorting the



PROFESSOR J. D. FORBES.

Empress Eugénie across the Mer de Glace or in scaling the highest Alps. From his appearance no one would have suspected him to be an Alpine peasant; it would have been guessed sooner that he was a doctor, lawyer, or diplomatist. He became the favourite guide of Mr. Alfred (now Mr. Justice) Wills, and died in his arms. It was

Auguste Balmat who led the future judge to the summit of the Wetterhorn.

But before this stirring episode occurred another person gave a far greater stimulus to mountaineering than all who had preceded him. Mr. Albert



AUGUSTE BALMAT.

Smith, a struggling *littérateur*, conceived the idea that an ascent of Mont Blanc, illustrated by dioramic views, might be made an exceedingly popular "entertainment," and he did not deceive himself. So popular did he make it that it would, I imagine, still be running if Albert Smith were still alive. Until *his* time the ascent of Mont Blanc was usually looked upon as a very serious business. Men commonly made wills before starting for it, and wrote heavy accounts of the dangers of the enterprise when they came down. Albert Smith invented a new treatment. In his



MR. JUSTICE WILLS (IN 1865).

hands the whole thing was a joke—a piece of sport. He made merry over his troubles, jested at the funny persons he met, and laughed at everything. He sent multitudes of people to the Alps to *play* who would never have gone there to

work. From the account which he himself has given, it appears that he was smitten with a fancy for Mont Blanc at a very early age. When he was ten years old he had a little book given to him at the Soho Bazaar, called the *Peasants of Chamonix*, which told the story of Dr. Hamel's attempt to reach the summit of Mont Blanc in 1820. On this occasion three lives were lost through disturbing new-fallen snow. This little twaddly book, which was published for the delectation of children, made a deep impression upon Albert Smith. "I do not think," he said, "that the *Pilgrim's Progress* stood in higher favour with me," and he eventually produced a small moving panorama of the horrors pertaining to Mont Blanc. "This I so painted up and exaggerated in my enthusiasm that my little sister—who was my only audience, but a most admirable one—would become quite pale with fright."

In 1838, when he was twenty-two years old, Albert Smith went to Chamonix, and shortly after



ALBERT SMITH.

his return he thought he "could make a grand lecture about the Alps. I copied," he said, "all my pictures on a comparatively large scale—about three feet high—with such daring lights and shadows, and streaks of sunset, that I have since trembled at my temerity as I looked at them; and then, contriving some simple mechanism with a carpenter to made them roll on, I produced a lecture which in the town" (Chertsey) "was considered quite a 'hit' . . . For two or three years, with my Alps in a box, I went round to various literary institutions. . . I recall these first efforts of a showman—for such they really were—with great pleasure. I recollect how my brother and I used to drive our four-wheeled chaise across the country, with Mont Blanc on the back seat."

In 1851 he carried out his long-cherished desire, and attained the summit of Mont Blanc, and nine months afterwards produced at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, an entertainment descriptive of the ascent, which "took the world by storm, and became the most popular exhibition of the kind ever known."

The effect was immediate. Whereas in the sixty-four years from 1786 to the end of 1850 there had been only fifty-seven ascents of Mont Blanc, in the six following years (1852-57) there were sixty-four ascents. The taste for mountaineering spread. Monte Rosa (15,217 ft.) was conquered in 1855; the Grand Combin (14,163) and the Monch (13,438) in 1857; the Eiger (13,045) and Dom (14,941) in 1858. The men who went regularly to the Alps for the sake of mountaineering now formed quite a numerous body, and this led to the foundation of the Alpine Club in 1858. Two years later the members of this society published accounts of some of their excursions in a volume under the title of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, and this again caused the passion for mountaineering to increase. In the next half-dozen years the conquest of the Alps was practically completed, as the following table, giving the dates of first ascents, will show.

Aletschhorn (13,803 feet)	1860
Lyskamm (14,889 feet)	1861
Weisshorn (14,804 feet)	1861
Schreckhorn (13,394 feet)	1861
Dent Blanche (14,318 feet)	1862
Dent d'Erin (13,715 feet)	1863
Pointe des Ecrins (13,462 feet)	1864
Rothhorn (13,855 feet)	1864
Aiguille Verte (13,541 feet)	1865
Gabelhorn (13,363 feet)	1865
Matterhorn (14,705 feet)	1865

From 1786 to 1859 only nine of the great peaks of the Alps were ascended, while in the six years



MICHEL-AUGUSTE CROZ.

following the publication of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers* nearly all that remained were conquered, and these latter naturally included some of the loftiest and most difficult ones. The sad fate of

Michel Croz—one of the finest mountaineers of his own or of any period—and of the others who perished with him on the first ascent of the Matterhorn, though creating a profound impression at the time, seemed to stimulate rather than to repress the development of mountaineering.

On looking back to the early days of mountain climbing one cannot but feel surprised that our forerunners so seldom came to grief. They were entirely unacquainted with what might happen to them above the snow-line, and rarely employed either rope or ice-axe. Indeed, until the last five and thirty years, or thereabouts, nearly all amateurs were unprovided with ice-axes, and used the primitive alpenstock. De Saussure and Albert Smith made their ascents of Mont Blanc with alpenstocks. Professor Forbes, in referring to rope and "hatchet," says, "The former we never used, and the latter rarely." From the narratives in the first series of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, published in 1860, it would appear that most, if not all, of the amateurs concerned with the excursions therein described, went about without ice-axes, and sometimes there was no ice-axe either with the guides or tourists.

The desirability of having some stick or support is soon felt on a mountain. When a man who is not a born mountaineer gets upon a really steep slope, he speedily finds out that walking is an art, and wishes he could be a quadruped or a centipede, or anything except a biped; but, as there is a difficulty in satisfying these natural desires, he ultimately procures an alpenstock and turns himself into a tripod. The alpenstock acts as a third leg, the principal use of which is to extend one's base; and when the beginner gets this well into his head he finds his confidence largely increased. The length of the alpenstock should never exceed that of the person who carries it. It should be made of ash, of the very best quality; and it should be strong enough to support your weight when it is suspended at its two extremities. Unless shod with an iron point it can scarcely be termed an alpenstock. The kind of point I prefer is shown in the annexed figure. It has a long tang running into the wood, is supported by a riveted collar, and has a blunt though sharp point.

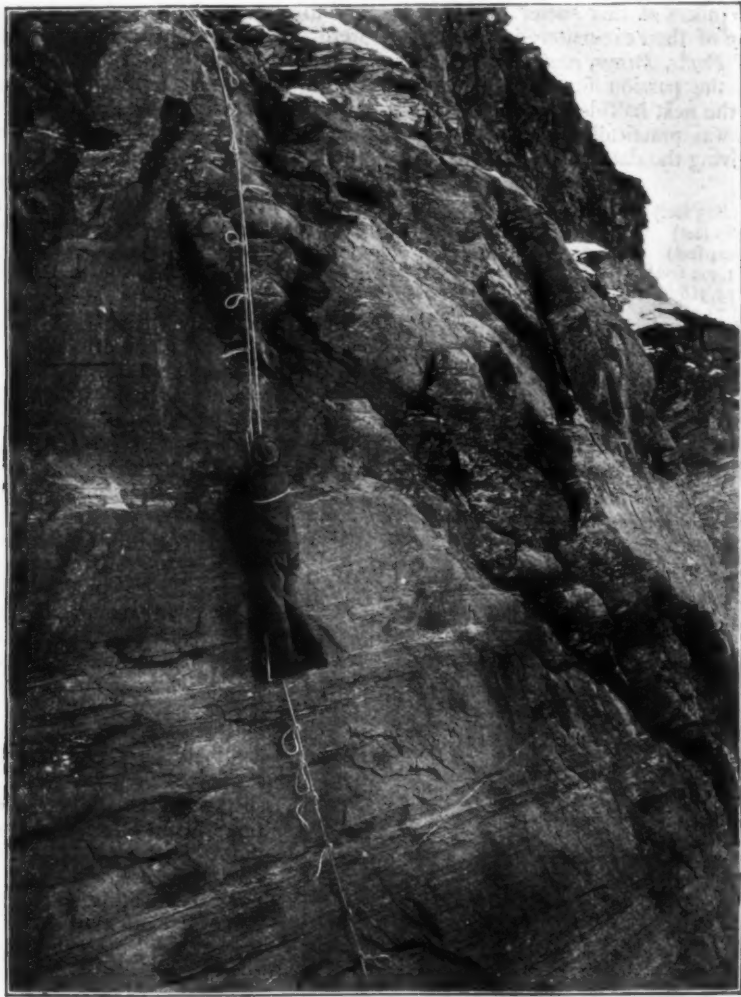


No one can say who invented alpenstocks. Poles shod with iron were called by this name hundreds of years ago. Josias Simler, writing on the Alps in the middle of the sixteenth century, says, "Precipitous and rugged paths further increase the difficulty of Alpine paths, and particularly if the tracks are covered with ice, for which reason travellers and shepherds, as well as the hunters who roam over the highest mountains, provide for their safety by various precautions. . . . In some places

they use staves tipped with an iron point, and, resting their weight on them, are in the habit of ascending and descending steep slopes. These staves they call alpenstocks."

The primitive alpenstock is now well-nigh abandoned, and the ice axe has taken its place. It was not, however, until after 1860 that the use of the ice-axe became general, even amongst professional mountaineers. The early form was that of an axe or hatchet, with a short handle, similar to that

party together by a rope when traversing snow-covered glaciers or steep slopes has become a regular practice in the course of the last fifty years, and it is now the established rule to do so; though independent people often protest against it, on the ground that it hampers their movements. It may be admitted that it is irksome to be bound one to another, and that, when tied together, liberty of movement is lessened; but experience shows that the plan has value, and, so far from throwing the



DESCENDING WITH THE LOOPED ROPE.

represented in the engraving at the end of this article. The greater part of these antique weapons have long since gone the way of old iron; and the implements which have been gradually evolved, and which replace the old form, usually more or less resemble that represented in the annexed figure, and are not axes at all, properly speaking. The manufacture of these articles has now become a regular branch of industry, and there are many ice-axe makers in the Alps.

The practice of binding all the members of a

rope on one side because its employment is irksome, in late years when traversing snow-covered glacier I have sometimes *doubled* the rope, and in descending steep places have used a looped rope attached to rocks in addition to the rope binding man to man. The Matterhorn accident of 1865 could not have occurred if this procedure had been adopted.

Ice-axe and rope are now considered indispensable items in a mountaineer's equipment, but of other gear he requires little. From the earliest days of mountaineering it was recognised that a

man must be well shod, and have his shoes more or less armed with nails; but there probably was and always will be a diversity of opinion as to the most suitable form of boot and the nature of its garnishings. De Saussure wore *shoes*, and, I am



MY ICE-AXE (1864-1895).

afraid, pinched his toes; while one modern mountaineer always employs elastic sides. In the matter of boots and nails we do not seem to have advanced upon our predecessors. The modern "climbing irons" (which are made to fit the shoes) are only a variety of *crampon*, and crampons were used ages ago; while the spikes such as are seen in the heel of the boot on p. 157, which some persons appear to think are a modern innovation, differ only in



SPIKED SHOES WORN BY DE SAUSSURE (PRESERVED AT GENTHOD).

having longer points from those which were invented and used by De Saussure. They screw into the boot, and are undoubtedly useful and time-saving in certain places; but as they are unsuitable and even dangerous in other places, and must be removed from the boot, it is questionable if upon the whole their advantages balance the disadvantages.

Though the frequency with which accidents have happened in recent years to people engaged in mountaineering must have been remarked by many, few perhaps will be prepared for the list which follows of persons who have lost their lives in this particular "sport." The list may be studied with profit, as it clearly indicates various things which should not be done by people who go mountaineering.

Feb. 28, 1864. *On the Haut de Cry (canton Valais).* Two lives lost through attempting to traverse a slope when the snow on it was in an unfit condition. The party started an avalanche, and two were smothered in it. [This closely resembles the Hamel accident on Mont Blanc in 1820.]

Aug. 9, 1864. *In descending Mont Blanc,* a young porter who was unroped, and going in advance of his party, walked into a crevasse before the eyes of the others. He fell at least 100 feet, and his body was not recovered.



CLIMBING IRONS.

July 14, 1865. *On the Matterhorn.* Whilst descending, Mr. Hadow slipped on rocks mixed with ice, fell against and upset his guide, Michel Croz, and the two falling dragged the Rev. C. Hudson and Lord Francis Douglas after them. All four were killed.

July 23, 1865. *On the Riffelhorn.* Mr. K. Wilson, whilst attempting to climb by himself, slipped, and was killed on the spot.

July 27, 1865. *On Monte Rosa.* Messrs. H. and J. Bailey, with three guides and two porters, when attempting to climb this mountain, shortly after snow had fallen heavily, started an avalanche, and came down with it. One of the porters was buried six feet deep and was suffocated.

Aug. 23, 1865. *On the Tittlis.* Herr Hüpner, of Dresden, when on the upper part of the mountain, slipped on an ice slope, and dragged down a guide to whom he was tied. They fell about 800 feet, and were killed on the spot.

Aug. 23, 1866. *On Mont Blanc.* Sir George Young and two of his brothers ascended Mont Blanc without guides. In descending, one of them slipped, and dragged the others down with him. They slid for some distance, fell over a precipice 15 or 20 feet high, slid a little further, and then stopped in soft snow. The youngest of the party pitched on his head and broke his neck.

Oct. 13, 1866. *On Mont Blanc.* Captain Arkwright, with the guides Michel Simond and Sylvain Couttet, and two porters, attempted to ascend Mont Blanc by Jacques

Balmat's original route.¹ When a little above the Grand Plateau an *avalanche* fell on them. Captain Arkwright, Simond, and the two porters were carried away and killed on the spot.

July 27, 1869. *On the Schreckhorn.* The Rev. J. M. Elliott, when near the summit of the mountain and unroped, sprang from some snow on to some rocks, *slipped*, and fell about 1,000 feet. Was killed on the spot.

Sept. 15, 1869. *On the Lyskamm.* Mr. Chester took a dog up the mountain, and in going to look after the animal he *slipped*, fell several hundred feet, and broke his neck.

Sept. 6, 1870. *On Mont Blanc.* An entire caravan of eleven persons perished near the summit. *Bad weather* was encountered. Five bodies only were recovered.

Dec. 4, 1871. *Near Mentone.* Rev. R. Crosse, whilst botanising, *dislodged a rock*, which fell on and crushed him.

July 24, 1872. *On the Jungfrau.* Two guides, named Von Allmen and Johann Bischoff, were swept away and killed by an *avalanche*, in a place where avalanches were known to occur.

Sept. 14, 1873. *On the Glacier du Géant.* Professor Fedchenko, surprised by *bad weather*, died from exhaustion.

Aug. 31, 1874. *On the Italian side of Mont Blanc.* Mr. Marshall, with the guide Johann Fischer, at midnight, broke through a snow bridge over a crevasse. Both were killed on the spot. The second guide also fell in, but escaped with slight injuries.

Aug. 28, 1876. *On the Felikjoch.* Messrs. Hayman and Johnson, with the guides Ignatz and Franz Sarbach, lost their way in a fog; and, when off the right track, were carried away by an *avalanche*. Mr. Johnson and F. Sarbach were killed on the spot, and Mr. Hayman died afterwards from the effects of the accident.

June 7, 1877. *In Dauphiné.* Mons. Cordier (aged 21), whilst glissading down a snow-slope, tumbled through a hole in it, and was drowned in a torrent underneath.

Sept. 6, 1877. *On the Lyskamm.* Mr. W. Lewis and Mr. Paterson, with the brothers Nicolas, Johann, and P. J. Knubel, broke through a snow cornice, fell for about 1,200 feet, and were all killed on the spot.

Aug. 14, 1879. *On the Matterhorn.* Dr. W. Moseley, when at the height of about 13,000 feet, and unroped, endeavoured to vault over a rock, *slipped*, fell about 2,000 feet, and was killed on the spot. [An accident similar to that on the Schreckhorn in 1869.]

July 18, 1880. *On the Lanterjaarjoch.* Dr. Haller, with the guides Peter Rubi and F. Roth, fell through a snow bridge over a large crevasse and were all lost.

July 25, 1880. *In the Zillerthal.* Herr Welter, walking unroped on a glacier, fell into a crevasse and perished.

Aug. 8, 1881. *On the Italian side of Monte Rosa.* Sig. Marinelli and two guides were killed by an *avalanche*. Avalanches were known to occur somewhat frequently on that part of the mountain.

Sept. 4, 1881. *Near Grindelwald.* Mr. H. Latham, when climbing alone, *slipped*, and was killed on the spot.

July 19, 1882. *On the Aig. Blanche de Pléret (Italian side of Mont Blanc).* Professor J. Balfour and J. Petrus (guide) fell a considerable distance when roped together, and were killed on the spot. The exact cause of the accident was not ascertained.

Aug. 3, 1882. *On the Wetterhorn.* Mr. W. Penhall and A. Maurer (guide) started when the mountain was in an unfit condition, were surprised and carried down by a small *avalanche*, and were killed on the spot.

Aug. 12, 1882. *On the Dent Blanche.* Mr. W. E. Gabbett, with J. M. Lochmatter and his son (guides), fell about 2,000 feet, and were killed on the spot. The exact cause of the accident was not ascertained, but it is certain that one or more *slipped*.

Aug. 15, 1882. *On the Diündengrat.* Herr Rütte, in jumping down about 15 feet, *slipped*, and fell over a precipice. Died shortly afterwards.

Aug. 25, 1883. *On Piz Bernina.* A French traveller and two guides broke through a snow bridge over a crevasse, and fell to the bottom of it. The tourist was killed on the spot.

July 11, 1884. *On the Grandes Jorasses.* Mons.

Guttinger of Geneva, when in the company of two guides (who warned him to conceal himself), neglected their advice, and was struck by falling rocks. He died shortly afterwards.

July 23, 1884. *On the Widdenstein.* Herr Henle of Würzburg *slipped* on snow, and, striking rock, was killed on the spot.

July 29, 1884. *Near Pontresina.* The Rev. C. Reed *slipped* and fell over a high rock, fracturing his skull in such a manner that death was instantaneous.

June 28, 1885. *In Styria.* Two Germans without guides *slipped* while rock climbing, and fell about 700 feet. Both were killed on the spot.

July 4, 1885. *Above the Glacier d'Argentière.* The Abbé Chifflet and two guides of Chamonix fell while mounting a slope above the glacier, and were all killed outright. The exact cause of the accident was not ascertained.

Aug. 1, 1885. *On the Col du Géant.* Mario Rey (a boy 17 years old) *dislodged a boulder* when near the summit of the pass, and was carried down with it about 500 feet. His body was recovered with difficulty, being covered by a great mass of stones.

Aug. 6, 1885. *On the Meije (in Dauphiné).* Herr E. Zsigmondy fell more than 2,000 feet through his rope *slipping off a tooth of rock* round which he had passed it. Killed on the spot.

Aug. 31, 1885. *Near Zermatt.* Mr. J. Devas *slipped* while climbing alone, fell about 140 feet, fractured his skull, and died shortly afterwards.

June 26, 1886. *On the Gross Glockner.* The Marquis de Pallavicini, Mons. H. Crommelin, and two of the best of Tirol guides, were all killed by breaking through a snow cornice.

Aug. 18, 1886. *On the Matterhorn.* Mr. F. Borchardt (aged 48) died from fatigue and exposure to bad weather.

July 15 (?), 1887. *On the Jungfrau.* Six Swiss tourists (without guides) perished near the top of the mountain. They fell about 650 feet, and were all found dead, close together. The exact cause of the accident (which happened during bad weather) is not known.

July 19, 1887. *On the Pers Glacier.* The Rev. D. Wheeler walked into a crevasse, and was drowned in water at the bottom.

Aug. 2, 1887. *Pic d'Orpillous (Dauphiné).* Mons. J. Géný of Nancy, when a short distance below the summit, *dislodged a boulder*, which fell upon and cut the rope by which he was attached to his guide. M. Géný fell a considerable distance and was killed on the spot.

Besides the above fatal accidents (which occurred above the snow-line), twenty-one other lives were lost below the snow-line in 1887, nearly all through *slipping*.

July 25, 1888. *On the Dachstein.* When descending this mountain, unroped, Dr. Zeidler *slipped* on a snow-slope and fell over a precipice, dragging down his friend, Herr Tannheiser, who tried to assist him. The latter was killed on the spot, and Zeidler died shortly afterwards.

Aug. 11, 1888. *On the Dent du Midi.* Mr. R. F. Ball, while glissading down this mountain, lost command of his movements, fell some distance and was killed on the spot.

Aug. 14, 1888. *On the Weisshorn.* Herr G. Winkler of Munich set out to climb this mountain alone, and did not return. His cap was found in a recent *avalanche*, which it was supposed had carried away and entombed him.

Aug. 20, 1888. *On Monte Cristallo.* Michael Innerkofler (a Tirol guide), along with two other persons roped together, broke through a snow bridge over a crevasse, and fractured his skull against the walls of ice. The others escaped injury.

A number of other fatal accidents occurred in 1888 on the lower Alps through *slipping*.

Aug. 13, 1889. *On the Zansfleuron Glacier.* Mons. Morel of Lausanne started with a guide named Gandin. Shortly after they got on the glacier, the guide broke through a snow bridge and fell into a crevasse. M. Morel was able to drag him nearly out, but his strength was not equal to pulling him through the remains of the snow bridge; and he fixed the rope (which was still attached to the guide) round his alpenstock driven in the snow, and went back for assistance. The body was not recovered until August 16,

¹ See the "Leisure Hour," August, 1895.

and was found to be only three feet from the surface, dangling from the rope.

June 24, 1890. *On the Similaun, in the Oetzthal.* Herr Poppe from Saxony, and his guide, broke through a snow cornice near the top, and were both killed.

July 31, 1890. *On the Kitzsteinhorn.* Dr. E. Mayer of Vienna and his son, with their guide Scherthaler, were all found dead on this mountain. It is presumed that one or more slipped, but the exact cause of the accident is unknown.

Aug. 12, 1890. *On the Col du Géant.* The guide G. Brunod, while his party was stopping on the top of the pass, went a few feet aside to get some water from a neighbouring trickle. He slipped, fell 1,000 feet, and was killed on the spot.

Aug. 16, 1890. *In the Maderanerthal.* Mr. A. Macnamara slipped and fell some distance on ordinary slopes, and died almost immediately.

Aug. 18, 1890. *On Mont Blanc.* Count Umberto di Villanova, with Jean Joseph Maquignaz and A. Castagneri as guides, and with two porters, started to ascend Mont Blanc from the Italian side. The entire party disappeared. Their tracks were followed to a great height, and they then suddenly terminated at the commencement of a very narrow ridge. It is conjectured that they were surprised at this place by bad weather which set in suddenly, and were blown over the ridge. Down to the present time none of the bodies have been recovered.

Aug. 25, 1890. *On the Matterhorn.* The guide Jean Antoine Carrel died from fatigue, cold, and want of food, while bringing Signor Sinigaglia of Turin down the southern side of the mountain during exceptionally bad weather. This is perhaps the only example that can be quoted of a guide losing his life under similar circumstances.

Sept. 13, 1890. *On the Matterhorn.* Herr Goehrs of Strasburg and his guides, Graven and Brantschen (all young men), fell about 2,000 feet down the eastern face of the mountain, and of course were killed on the spot. The cause of this accident is not known.

June 28, 1891. *On the Roche Melon.* Signor L. Lanza of Turin slipped on a slope of ice covered with snow when about 100 feet from the top, fell about 1,600 feet, and was killed on the spot.

Two months afterwards a colonel of Italian engineers started alone to ascend the same peak, and has not since been heard of.

July 31, 1891. *Near Pontresina.* Herr Weber Imhof of Winterthur, while returning in the dark from an ascent of the Piz Bernina, tripped himself up, and fell head first about 20 feet into some rocks. He died on the next day.

Aug. 13, 1891. *Becco di Mezzodi (near Cortina).* Herr W. Behr of Hamburg started to climb the peak alone. He did not return, and was found at the foot of a cliff 200 feet high, with his skull smashed. Cause of accident is unknown.

July 25, 1892. *On the Spiegelkogel.* Father E. Zelnicek (a Cistercian monk) and his Tirol guide, Raffener, lost their lives by breaking through a snow cornice.

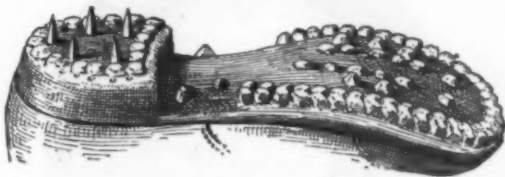
Aug. 18, 1892. *On the Grivola.* Herr Brock of Berlin, with the guides F. Bich and A. Proment, ascended this mountain and then disappeared. Their bodies were found on August 29, low down the peak, almost buried under rocks and snow. The cause of this accident is unknown.

Sept. 6, 1892. *On the Fünffingerspitze.* Herr E. Stücklen of Stuttgart, with the guide Jos. Innerkofler, started to climb this mountain. They did not return, and their bodies were found on the next day near the base of the peak. Cause of this accident is unknown.

July 28, 1893. *On the Winnebachkogel.* Herr Menzel, an Evangelical clergyman from Erfurt, ascended this mountain alone, and left a card on the summit inscribed, "Hope to find a shorter way down." On the descent he fell on a slope of grass and slabs of rock, and was killed on the spot.

Aug. 7, 1893. *On the Matterhorn.* Andreas Seiler (aged nineteen) and J. Biner (a young guide of Zermatt), while climbing the southern side of the mountain, shot over the heads of a closely following party, and fell down cliffs and precipices for about 1,600 feet, and were killed on the spot. Though the others were so close, the cause of the accident is not known. It is presumed that one or both slipped.

Aug. 21, 1893. *On the Schwarzenstein (in the Zillerthal).* Herr Chaumontet ascended this mountain, accompanied by a porter, aged sixty-five, who had never been on a glacier and carried no axe. As rope they had a piece about fifteen feet long, and a quarter-inch thick. On the descent they had to cross a crevasse which was wide below, but at the surface was only about ten inches across. Herr Chaumontet, who was a heavy man, stepped on the edge, the



EMILE REY'S BOOT (1894).

ice broke under him, and he fell into the crevasse to a depth of 70 feet and was buried under a mass of snow. Body was recovered next day.

Aug. 27, 1893. *On the Aiguille Noire de Péteret (a pinnacle of Mont Blanc).* Signor Poggi of Milan ascended this mountain with two Italian guides. In descending, a stone about as large as a man's fist came whizzing down and dislodged other loose stones, which fell upon the climbers. The guides were not seriously injured, but Sig. Poggi was struck by a stone behind the ear and was killed on the spot.

Sept. 1893. *On Mont Blanc.* In the middle of September an Italian named Cumani attempted the ascent of Mont Blanc alone, and has not since been heard of.

Dec. 31, 1893. *On Scafell.* Dr. A. Milnes Marshall slipped on rocks, fell about 130 feet, and was taken up dead.

Sept. 6, 1894. *On the Euringerspitze.* Herr J. Pemsel of Nuremberg, while climbing this mountain with three other persons, insisted upon going unroped. When within a short distance of the summit, he suddenly let go his hold, slid down for about 65 feet, and then fell over precipices about 1,300 feet more.

Sept. 8, 1894. *On the Marmolata.* Herr W. Kahl (a Bohemian, aged twenty-six), and a guide (J. Villgratner), when near the summit, dislodged fresh powdery snow lying over old, hard snow, and came down in an avalanche. Both were killed on the spot.

Sept. 20, 1894. *On the Zinal Rothhorn.* Dr. P. Horrocks, with the guides Joseph Marie Biner and Peter Perrin of Zermatt, ascended this mountain. In descending Biner went first, Horrocks next, and Perrin last. Perrin dislodged a rock, and fell downwards, and the others did the same; but the rope with which they were tied caught in a cleft, and pulled Biner up so violently that the rope parted, and he was precipitated 2,000 feet on to a glacier beneath.

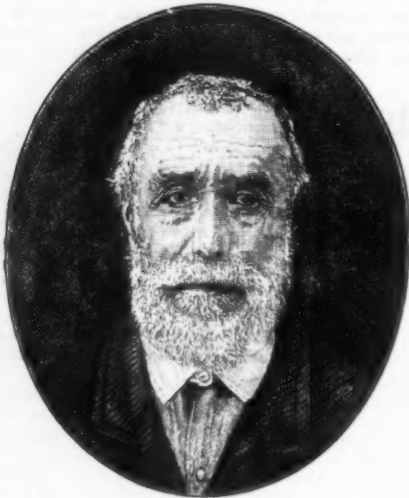
Aug. 18, 1895. *On Mont Blanc.* Dr. Robert Schnürdreher of Prague, while descending the Chamonix side with two Italian guides, attempted a glissade. They lost command of their movements, and shot into a large crevasse. They were found 80 feet down in it a week later, all dead.

Aug. 24, 1895. *On the Aiguille du Géant.* Mr. A. C. Roberts, with the guide Emile Rey of Courmayeur, ascended this peak. In descending they unroped. Rey was leading, and jumped, or allowed himself to drop on to a small platform of rock covered with debris and slightly sloping. He slipped, and fell several hundred feet in three bounds on to the glacier, shattering his head.

Aug. 30, 1895. *On the Trift Pass.* Miss Sampson and Miss Growse crossed this pass from Zermatt, with the guides Louis Carrel and Anton Biener. They had got to the foot of the cliff on the Zinal side, when they were assailed by falling rocks, and Miss Sampson was struck by one (which weighed perhaps 70 lb. to 80 lb.) in the back. She expired about an hour afterwards. [This accident is to be attributed to the party crossing the pass too late in the day, and at a time when stones are known to fall habitually.]

If this list is examined it will be found that a larger proportion of the fatalities have occurred through slipping than from any other cause. The

first thing which should be done by a person who desires to go mountaineering should be to acquire the art of keeping on his legs—that is to say, of



MELCHIOR ANDEREGG.

preserving his balance. To do so effectively requires long practice, and in this matter of detail it is seldom that even the most experienced amateurs approach the dexterity of native-born

professional mountaineers; not because they are less nimble and agile, or endowed with less physical strength, but because they have not acquired the art of accommodating their limbs intuitively to the ever-changing angles of rock, snow, and ice which must necessarily be traversed. Those generally come nearest to the ideal who have had the advantage of passing their boyhood and youth amongst mountains.

The born mountaineer rarely slips; yet there are exceptions to the rule, as we saw in 1895, by the death of Emile Rey, a man famed for his strength and stability, who habitually used in his boots the spikes which are referred to upon p. 155. It is, however, possible to pass a *lifetime* in mountaineering without getting into accidents. There are guides living, and still in practice, who have been actively at work in the high Alps for thirty years and upwards without mischance. Such facts are stronger recommendations than bushels of testimonials. Melchior Anderegg—prince of guides—retired a couple of years ago, after having been in the front rank for *forty* years, during which time he scaled every principal peak in the Alps, with all sorts and conditions of men, and could say at the end of the time that he had never had an accident, no, “not even to a porter!” and he carries into his retirement the affectionate good wishes of all who have known him. His employers, comrades, and family all declare that he is “a dear old man.”

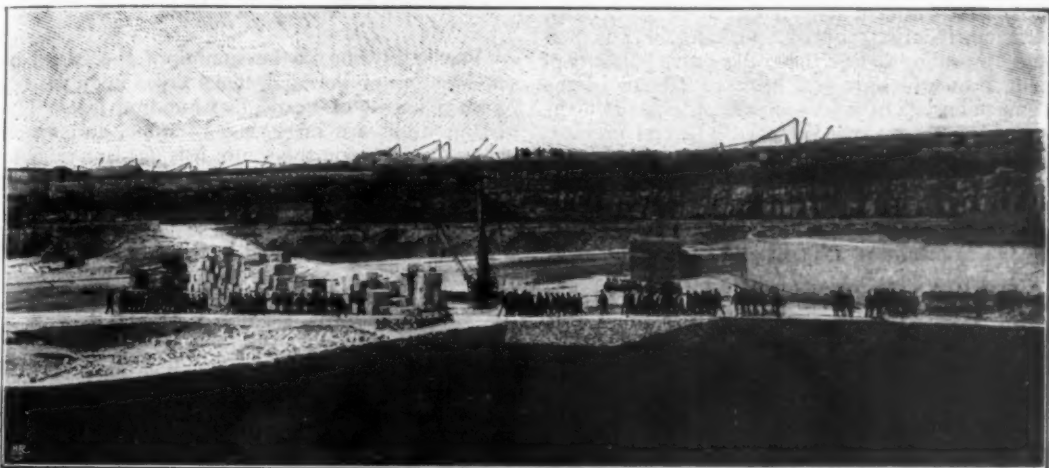
EDWARD WHYMPER.



EARLY FORMS OF ICE-AXE AND ALPENSTOCK.

PENAL SERVITUDE AT PORTLAND.

I.



MARCHING TO WORK.

A SENTENCE of Penal Servitude in England may be for three years or for life. The principal intervening sentences are for five, seven, fifteen, and twenty years. By steady industry and good conduct a prisoner may earn the remission of nearly one-fourth of his sentence. A life-sentence generally means about twenty years, but a prisoner is not necessarily released at the end of that period: I have seen one man at Portland, a reprieved murderer, who has been confined for more than a quarter of a century.

The punishment involved in a sentence of penal servitude is applied, as regards its main features, in precisely the same manner to every person subjected to it. No discrimination is made between the baronet and the professional burglar, between the ex-member of Parliament and the murderer who has escaped the gallows, between the bank clerk and the common thief. Whatever may have been the previous career and character of the convicted, once the penal garb is donned the same iron rule is meted out to each and all.

Sentences of penal servitude are divided into three stages. During the first of these, which lasts for nine months (and which is usually spent in one of the great London prisons, such as Pentonville or Wormwood Scrubs), the prisoner passes almost the whole of his time in confinement in his cell, working at some industrial task. He is allowed a book from the prison library, he receives visits from the chaplain and governor, a warder instructs him in his work, and he has excellent medical attendance in sickness; but he is kept strictly apart from his fellow-prisoners, whom he associates with only in chapel or at exercise (chapel, about a quarter

of an hour daily, and twice on Sundays; exercise one hour daily in the open air), and with whom he is at all times forbidden to converse.

To many prisoners this first period is exceedingly trying. There is very little to divert the mind, and the silent inmate of the cell wearily counts the days, months, and years that must elapse before his return to freedom. Hard indeed to bear during the first months of solitary confinement are the cheerful sounds that reach the prisoner from the world of liberty—the strains of a band playing in the evening, the whistle of a railway engine, the voices of children at cricket on the Scrubs.

Of course, however, there is a very considerable proportion of prisoners, both young and old, who suffer nothing in confinement beyond the loss of liberty and deprivation of all luxuries, and who settle down to work out a long sentence with the most good-humoured indifference.

Special effort is made during this period of separate confinement to influence the prisoners, and especially the younger ones and those who are not yet hardened in crime, by moral and religious teachings; this being the department of the chaplain and his assistants. The chaplain has under him also a staff of school-teachers, by whom prisoners unable to read and write are put through a course of elementary education. These prisoners are examined half-yearly by the chaplain.

After the nine months of separate confinement, the prisoner prepares to enter upon the second stage of his sentence.

The second and longest stage of the sentence is passed in what is called a Public Works Prison. The best known prisons of this type are Portland

in the county of Dorset, and Dartmoor in the wilds of Devonshire. Here the convict sleeps and takes his meals in a separate cell, but works in restricted association, under the close supervision of his guards.

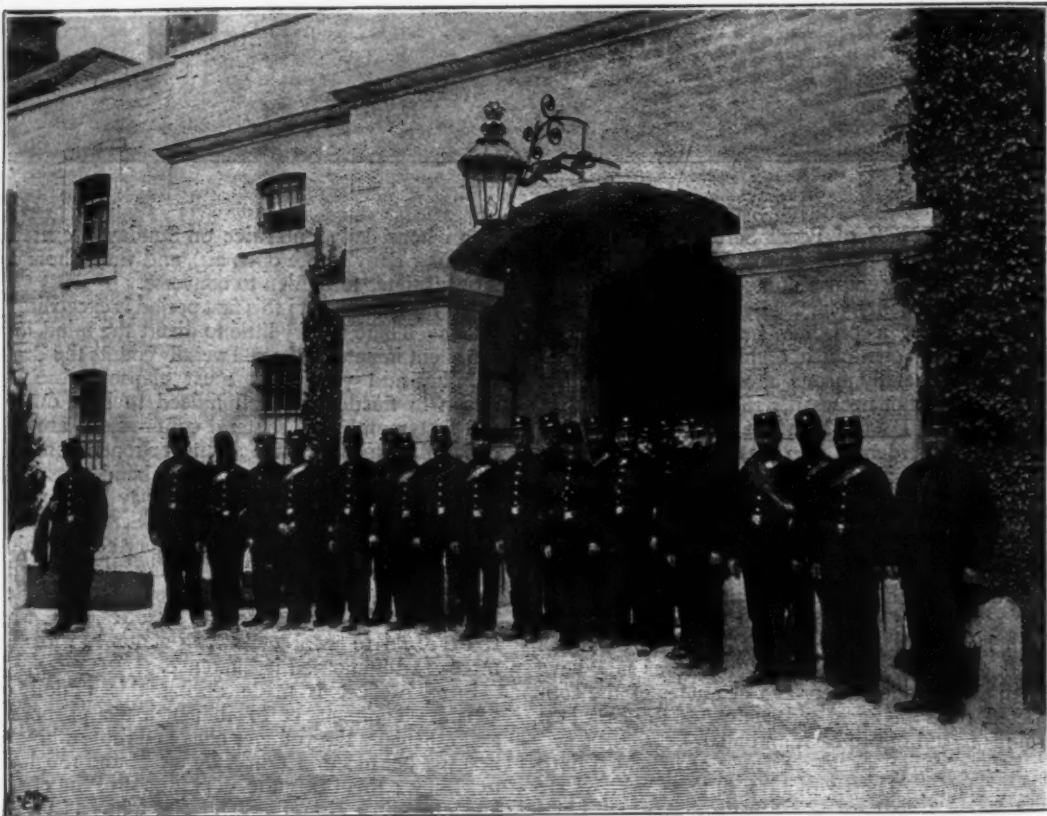
The prisoner undergoing his first sentence knows little of the new life that awaits him on Public Works. He has habituated himself to the seclusion of the cell which he is about to quit; he has grown accustomed to it, and has not impossibly found a certain contentment in his daily task of mat-making, weaving, tailoring, or basket making. He is, perhaps, unwilling to face the comparative publicity of a gaol in which he will have to labour in the companionship of felons of all orders. But the old "lag," who has "fetched" several previous "stretches," or terms of penal servitude, is glad enough to make the change to "public works." He knows all that he has got to face, and he also knows that in some outdoor gang he will be pretty certain to meet a pal or two, and to hear the news.

dinner-can served to him one day in Millbank prison :

"*Millbank* for thick shins and graft¹ at the pump;
*Broadmoor*² for all lags as go off their chump;
Brixton for good toke³ and cocoa with fat;
Dartmoor for bad grub but plenty of chat;
Portsmouth a blooming bad place for hard work;
Chatham on Sunday gives four ounce of pork;
Portland is worst of the lot for to joke in—
 For fetching a lagging there is no place like *Woking*.
Crutchy Quinn, 10 and ticket."⁴

Portland prison, at the summit of the island or promontory of Portland, looks down upon the sea from a height of nearly five hundred feet. The island itself is a huge mass of stone, and on all sides, except upon the south, it is girt by a ridge of lofty and precipitous rocks. It has been attacked by the French, and was stormed by Cromwell's troops in the Civil War.

As the convict, chained by the wrist to a brother



GROUP OF WARDERS.

He is mainly curious as to his destination, for no prisoner is told what gaol he is to be transferred to, and the several public works prisons have good or evil characters amongst the habitual criminals. I may cite in proof some lines quoted by Michael Davitt in his "Leaves from a Prison Diary." They were scratched with a nail on the bottom of the

lag, climbs the steep three miles of winding road from the shore to the island top, he has a variety

¹ *Graft*, hard labour.

² *Broadmoor*, the criminal lunatic asylum.

³ *Toke*, rations.

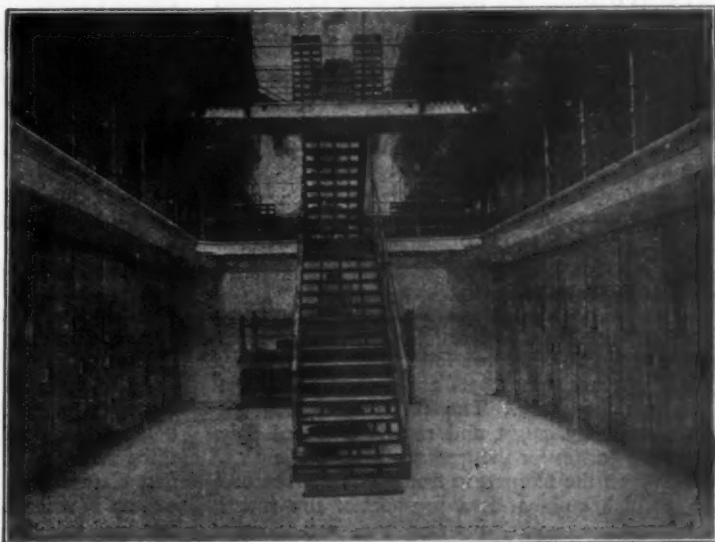
⁴ *10 and ticket*, ten years' penal servitude, followed by police supervision.

of object lessons in the difficulties that would attend an attempt at prison-breaking. He perceives that it would be no easy matter, if the shore were reached, to cross to the opposite coast. He observes that to reach the shore would be harder still, for the military barracks command it from the heights, and the sentries have peremptory orders to fire on a flying convict. Near to the prison itself he sees the civil guard, with loaded rifle and bayonet, posted on every spot of vantage, and patrolling the narrow street that leads to the great iron gate; and when those defiant portals have closed on him he must breathe "farewell, a long farewell" to liberty. He is in the midst of cold grey walls; he has the impression of a far stronger force of warders than surrounded him in his London prison; he notes that the principal warders have a sword trailing from the belt. Everywhere there is an air of militarism, of readiness for and preparedness against assault from within. The rare visitor from the outer world, who is at all familiar with the general aspect of the London prisons, feels and perceives a difference the moment he steps within the walls of Portland. That other comer, with the steel chain at his wrist, has the notion that he is a much more formidable enemy of society than he had supposed himself to be when he lay forlorn in his cell some two hundred miles away in London.

In Wormwood Scrubs prison there is accommodation for about twelve hundred prisoners. Portland holds a like number. But in Wormwood Scrubs a force of some sixty chosen warders is sufficient for the maintenance of discipline; whereas at Portland, the strength, including the civil guard, is one hundred and fifty. At the head of the discipline staff is the chief warder. He has under him a certain number of principal warders, who have charge of the gangs on the works, and of the wards or halls in which the cells are. Next in rank are the warders and assistant warders, who have immediate control of the prisoners. The governor is the head of the establishment, and his right hand is the deputy-governor. These officers have mostly served in the army or the navy. The prison has a chaplain, who has a staff of schoolmasters under him; an assistant chaplain; a Roman Catholic priest; a medical officer, who has control of the infirmary staff; an assistant medical officer; and a clerk of the works. There are stewards and store-keepers; and a staff of permanent officers to instruct the prisoners in their various trades, and to measure the value of the work done by them. All of these are subject to the governor in every matter of discipline.

Transferred to his cell in his new abode, the

fresh arrival compares it not too favourably with the one that he abandoned in the morning. It is fitted, to be sure, in much the same way. There's a stool to sit on and a shelf for his books, a zinc basin and jug, a tin knife and plate, and a tin pint measure. The bed in the old cell is here replaced



THE CELLS.

by a hammock, which is the easiest sleeping place in the world, though it tends to hump the shoulders. But the Portland cell is the merest cupboard (and none too well lighted at that) as compared with the one he has just quitted. It is a bare four feet in width, and seven in length. He can stand in it comfortably, but he need not extend his arm to touch the ceiling. This, however, is not the place in which he will spend the days and years of his second stage. His Wormwood Scrubs cell was twice as large, but in that he lived night and day. In this little Portland cell he will merely eat and sleep.

On the morrow of his arrival, the prison bell rouses him at five o'clock, an hour earlier than he was summoned at Pentonville or Wormwood Scrubs. At five minutes past five he must be out of his hammock. He has a good supply of water in his cell, and if he likes to wash all over he can do so. After dressing he has to put his cell in order. Everything in the prison is done according to pattern; all bedding and hammocks are rolled and folded in precisely the same way, and every book on the shelf and every article of furniture in the cell has its own proper place and must be kept there.

At ten minutes to six it is breakfast time. Meals are fetched from the kitchen by convict orderlies, and carried in trays and baskets to the different halls; and as the warder on duty unlocks each cell in turn, the prisoner stands at the door to take in his pint of gruel and loaf of brown bread. Each prisoner on full hard-labour diet gets 168 ounces of bread per week, 23 ounces on weekdays, and 30 on Sundays.

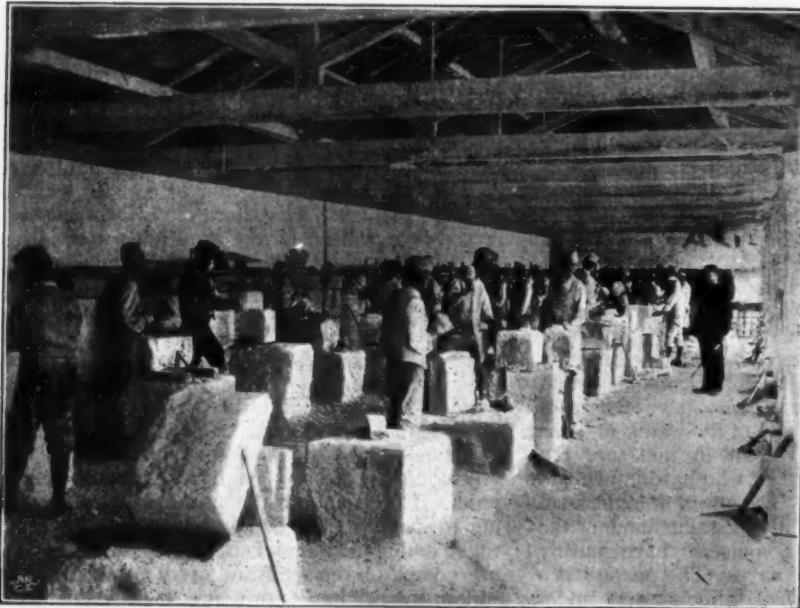
Chapel muster is at a quarter to seven, and immediately after service comes the general parade for labour. Here the men are mustered in gangs according to the work they are employed at. While the principal warder in charge of the gang counts his men, an assistant warder searches them; each prisoner standing with his jacket unbuttoned and arms outstretched, holding his cap in one hand and handkerchief in the other. This is to prevent the men from carrying food or any other article out of their cells. When the warder in charge is assured that all is right with his party, he salutes the deputy governor, who presides at the parade, gives the number of his party and the number of men in it, and the figures are checked by the chief warder.

There are some thousand men to be searched and numbered, but the work is quickly despatched, and at about a quarter past seven all is ready for the march to the works. The members of the civil guard, who form the outlying sentries, shoulder their rifles and are the first to leave the parade-ground. They are followed by the military guard, whose scarlet coats are the only cheerful colours in the place. The prisoners march out two abreast by gangs, and remarkably well they step; the parties for the quarries leading the way. Standing on the rampart in front of the governor's office, which commands a prospect of the varied and extensive works, quarries, and outbuildings

720 marks. If he has earned that number and has been well conducted, he is eligible at the end of his first year for promotion to the third class. Those are third-class men with the black facings on their jackets. They must earn during their second year 2,920 marks, and they may then be promoted to the second class. The second-class men are those with the yellow facings. At the end of another year promotion may be obtained to the first class, with blue facings. In the first class an industrious prisoner of good behaviour remains until within twelve months of his discharge, when he may perchance be received into the "special" class, the members of which are distinguished by a full suit of blue.

While he remains in the probation class, the prisoner is allowed to receive no visits from friends nor to receive or write letters, except one letter on reception from separate confinement. The third-class man may receive a visit of twenty minutes' duration once in six months, and may receive and write a letter once in the same period. The second-class man may be visited, and may receive and write a letter, once in four months. In the first class the prisoner is entitled to receive a visit of half an hour, and to receive and write a letter every three months. In respect of diet, prisoners in the first class are allowed the choice of tea and two ounces additional bread in lieu of gruel for breakfast, and baked instead of boiled beef for dinner.

Two hideously distinctive dresses remain to be described. One is a parti-coloured dress of black and drab, one side one colour and one the other. The second is parti-coloured drab and brilliant yellow. The black-dress men have been flogged with the cat-o'-nine tails for an assault on a warder, or some other flagrant offence against discipline. The yellow-dress men have attempted an escape from prison. Both wear a chain six and a half pounds in weight, held up to the waist by a strap and riveted on each ankle. These fetters are worn night and day, sometimes for six months together, and the



DRESSING STONE.

enclosed within the prison walls, one may take note of the different classes of prisoners as they troop out to labour.

A certain number of men will be seen wearing the ordinary convict dress without facings of any kind. These are probationers. Every prisoner passes his first twelve months in the probation class, during which time he must earn on public works

wearers are in the penal class and on restricted diet, with other discomforts, all that time. They walk alone at the rear of their respective gangs, their chains clanking at every step, grotesque and painful objects.

Now the gangs have all filed out and are marching to their several stations, to the workshops, the building grounds, the stone-cutting sheds, the

foundry, the quarries. Men whom the doctor will not pass for hard labour are employed in the tailor's shop, the laundry, the sewing-room, etc.

Every man physically able to do so must work with his hands at some calling, and coarse rough labour is a part of his punishment. The skilled thief is put, perhaps, to toil in the quarries; and it might be supposed that a task of this sort, long continued, would take the cunning out of his fingers. But when he returns to his old haunts, as he does almost invariably, he goes in for a short course of bread poultices and gloves of the softest chamois, and his fingers become as supple and as nimble as ever.

At Dartmoor the prisoners are largely employed in reclaiming and farming the land about the prison. At Portland a principal part of the hard labour consists in the quarrying of stone, great quantities of which are sent away to all parts of the country. It was at Portland that the system was first begun of carrying out large public works by means of convict labour, a system which enabled the prisoners to learn and follow a considerable variety of useful trades. The great achievement at Portland was the construction of the breakwater, a stone dam in the sea two miles long, and running fifty or sixty feet into the water. The military barracks, and the stout works of defence on the island, batteries, casemates, etc., were also executed by Her Majesty's unsalaried servants in this penal hive.

When not engaged in purely penal labour, it is endeavoured to employ a prisoner at any wholesome trade he may have followed before conviction. But this rule cannot be strictly adhered to, inasmuch as many prisoners were engaged outside in callings for which there is no place in the prison world—servants, shopkeepers, hawkers, miners, drivers, etc. There are other trades which might be carried on with advantage, but, says Sir Edmund Du Cane, they "would require the provision of tools, special workshops, and so on, which it would not pay to establish without the certainty of providing a continual current of men through the prison."

Great numbers of those who find their way into a convict prison are of course quite unaccustomed to useful work of any kind, and these have to be converted into more or less profitable servants by the teachers and taskmasters set over them. Many of the men are only too glad to be allowed to take

up some rather interesting trade (a privilege only to be obtained by good conduct), and work at it with a will throughout the whole of their sentence. There are drones in plenty, who have to be perpetually coerced; but something like 80 per cent. of the men who are turned into thoroughly good workmen have acquired their skill in prison.



SAWING STONE.

The trades that can be taught and practised in a convict establishment are necessarily few in comparison with those enumerated in the Post-Office Directory, but the list that follows seems to me a pretty good one:

Bagmakers	Fitters, iron	Riggers
Bakers	Fitters, ordinary	Sail or Hammock makers
Basketmakers	Flax dressers	
Bellhangers	Galvanisers	Sawyers, stone
Blacksmiths	Gardeners	Sawyers, wood
Boilermakers	Grinders	Ships' fender makers
Bookbinders	Knitters	Shoemakers
Bricklayers	Locksmiths	Slaters
Brickmakers	Masons	Smiths
Carpenters	Matmakers	Stonecutters
Chairmakers	Moulders	Strikers
Chimneysweeps	Moulders, brass	Tailors
Cooks	Moulders, iron	Tailors' repairs
Coopers	Painters	Tinsmiths
Coppersmiths	Paperhangers	Turners
Engineers, mechanical	Plasterers	Washers
Engine Drivers	Platelayers	Weavers
Fitters, engine	Plumbers	Wheelwrights
Fitters, gas, etc.	Polishers, French	
	Printers	

The work done by the prisoners is carefully watched and checked by the authorities of the prison, from the Governor downwards, and is measured by a staff of professional officers, who act

independently of the discipline staff. The marks which a prisoner earns are proportioned to the amount and quality of his work, and for practical purposes in calculating the gratuity to be given him on his discharge the following scale has been adopted :

In the third class 20 marks are equal to	1 <i>d.</i>
In the second „ „ „	1½ <i>d.</i>
In the first „ „ „	2½ <i>d.</i>

The actual amount of labour exacted from a convict is by no means excessive ; it is the deadly monotony of his task—with never an interval of relaxation—which preys upon him, much more than its severity. For this reason many prisoners (chiefly of the habitual class, to whom all regular work is abhorrent) prefer an occasional period of close confinement in punishment cells, on a diet of bread and water, to the continuous steady industry required in the workshops and the quarries.

The normal working day in the prison is not more than seven hours, not extraordinary as compared with the average nine hours' day of the soldier, and the average nine and a half of the civilian. A comparison of the values of work done (at civilian rates) in days of the lengths mentioned comes out as follows :

	Hours	Amount
Soldier . . .	9	3 <i>s.</i> 2 <i>d.</i>
Convict . . .	7	1 <i>s.</i> 7 <i>d.</i>
Civilian . . .	9½	4 <i>s.</i> 8 <i>d.</i>

Therefore, compared with a civilian, a soldier earns as 3*s.* 2*d.* to 4*s.* 8*d.*, say $\frac{3}{4}$.

Therefore, compared with a civilian, a convict earns as 1*s.* 7*d.* to 4*s.* 8*d.*, say $\frac{1}{4}$.

Roughly speaking, a convict working party takes three times as long to perform a given task as a civilian working party of the same strength. But the latter would consist chiefly of skilled men, trained from boyhood or youth to their particular calling, and working for a definite and immediate result in the shape of pay ; whereas the convicts must be taken and taught as they come ; a large proportion of them are utterly unused to any kind of regular toil, and they have no wage to look for at the week's end. The convict does nevertheless turn out a great deal of excellent and profitable work ; and despite the general hardships of his lot, and his exposure on the bleak summit of Portland to every variety of weather, he improves in health and physique. He has three principal encouragements to industry : (1) as a steady worker he earns a higher number of marks ; (2) industry and good conduct combined keep him in the highest class, with its attendant privileges ; and (3) idleness loses him marks, and brings upon him various other deprivations.

The mark system is one of the great features of convict life. To every man is assigned the duty of earning a certain number of marks, proportioned to the length of his sentence. In fact, as remission of sentence is never granted for conduct, the time which the prisoner under sentence of penal servitude must pass in prison is represented by the number of marks which he earns by labour performed. If he earns them at the highest rate, and

loses none by fines for misconduct, he procures the remission of one-fourth of the time that he passes on public works. If he earns them at a lower rate, he gains a smaller remission. The scale of marks is—

8 marks a day for steady hard labour, and the full performance of the allotted task.
7 marks a day for a less degree of industry.
6 „ „ a fair, but moderate day's work.

Convicts in the light labour class can seldom earn more than six or seven marks per diem, and those in hospital never more than seven, unless their confinement has resulted from accident on the works.

This survey of labour has brought us on to eleven o'clock, an hour at which the lag who has been on "hard graft" since a quarter past seven is ready to eat his boots. At 11.15, "Fall in !" calls the principal warden on duty, and every tool, spade, and barrow is relinquished, and the men don their "slops," or outer jackets, and all the gangs are quickly marshalled, and the march back to the prison begins. This time the civil-guard, converging from their various stations, bring up the rear. Arrived on the parade-ground, the men are searched or "rubbed down" again, that no one may carry a convenient tool into his cell ; and the process of counting and checking the numbers is repeated as in the morning. Then the men are marched to their cells for dinner.

Monday's and Saturday's dinner for prisoners on full diet is five ounces of cooked beef, thickened and seasoned with flour, onions, and pepper, a loaf of bread, and a pound of potatoes. On Tuesday and Friday it is a pint of soup, containing shins of beef, pearl barley, fresh vegetables, onions, flour and pepper, bread and a pound of potatoes. Wednesday, five ounces of mutton, flavoured and thickened as above, bread, and potatoes. Thursday, a pound of suet pudding, with the usual allowance of bread and potatoes. Sunday, bread and cheese.

Rations are the cause of a good many grievances in the prison. The food is excellent in quality and well cooked. It appears to be better in some prisons than in others, though this of course should not be the case, but the hungry man never has enough. The convict's diet is fixed at the minimum necessary to enable him to do the work required of him, but what is more than enough for one man is starvation scale to another in the same circumstances. Men with small appetites, who never eat as much as they get, are often in trouble through attempting to "sling toke," or pass food to a less fortunate mate. The hours are long between meals, and many prisoners employed on the works become wolf-hungry, are never really satiated, and will eat anything.

Here is a passage from "Convict Life" by "A Ticket-of-Leave Man," bearing on the subject : "In the party with which I worked at Portland there were half-a-dozen men who fed themselves daily upon snails, slugs, and frogs. . . . I was for a short time attached to a party whose duty it was to drag a cart about to collect ashes and

rubbish from the different departments of the prison. It was considered by a certain class of prisoners quite a privilege to be attached to the 'cart party,' on account of the refuse food and poultices which could be fished out of the infirmary ashes. To men of this class no diet would be sufficient, but it may be asserted with confidence that the prison fare served out to them is better in quality, more cleanly, and of larger quantity than they have been accustomed to enjoy in the places which they call their homes."

An ex-convict, Mr. E —, examined the other day before the Departmental Committee on Prisons, spoke much more strongly respecting the insufficiency of the rations in the public works prisons. "A man who has to work squaring stone, or using a pick, or wheeling barrows, is really starving. I know that is my own experience. When I was at Portsmouth I have eaten things I am almost ashamed to tell you of, and others have done the same; and when men do that they must be terribly hungry." Asked whether the men complained very much of the

insufficiency of the food, the witness replied: "Almost every prisoner on the works would do that. I can imagine what they said when they thought they were going to get four ounces extra bread, when all the refuse they can pick up is eaten by them; and you have only to look at the men at Portland to see that they have no flesh on them. It is a very cold place, and you can imagine what it is to be working like this and going nearly six hours without food."

The question of rations has been considered and reconsidered by successive Parliamentary Committees, but it would appear from the foregoing that it awaits a final settlement.

On the return of the warders from dinner (the single men mess in their own quarters within the prison walls, the married ones go to their homes in the village) they are paraded by the Governor or Deputy Governor. The cells are then unlocked, and there is another parade, counting and "rubbing down" of the prisoners; after which they are marched out again to the works.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

LONDON TRAFFIC.

OMNIBUSES AND TRAMCARS.

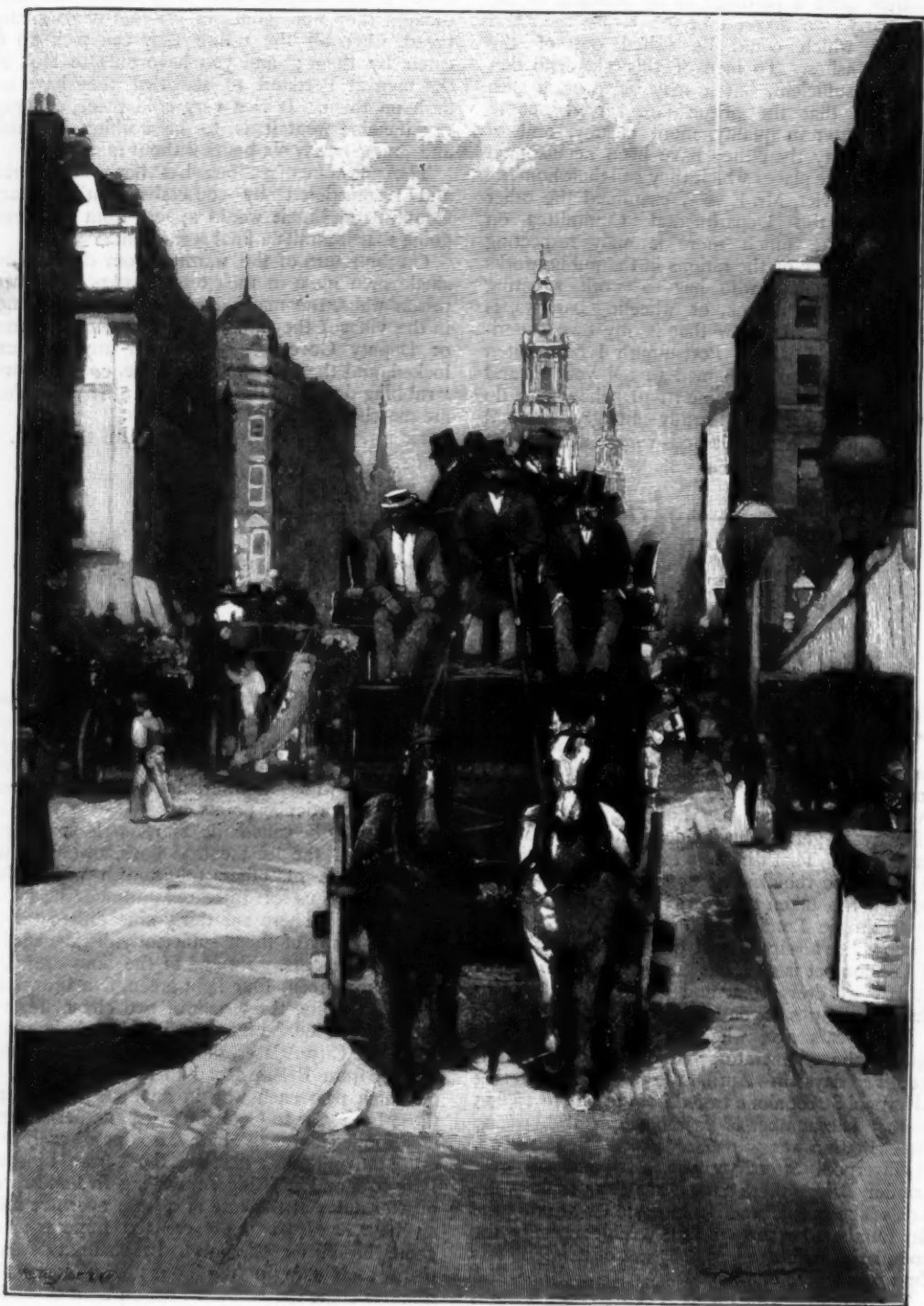
LONDONERS are so accustomed to the traffic in their streets that they seldom realise its vastness until they have experienced the comparative quiet of the other great cities of the world. The figures are so enormous that the unofficial statistician has hitherto had no little difficulty in getting his readers to believe in his statements. That difficulty exists no longer as far as the public vehicles are concerned; the County Council has taken the matter up, and, in its first report on the London Locomotive Service, which contains as a supplement one of the best maps of London yet issued, has given such detailed particulars of every tram and omnibus route as to place the figures beyond all question.

Four years ago, when the City took its day census, the enumerators found that, on four consecutive days in April, the vehicles entering Liverpool Street alone varied from 11,263 to 16,674 daily. The number of passengers at Bishopsgate Street Station was 30,000, at Broad Street 75,000, at Liverpool Street 100,000. To and fro over London Bridge there passed 214,000 people in the day. The people walking into the City during the day numbered 1,100,636; the vehicles entering the boundaries numbered 25,826, and of these no less than 8,955 were omnibuses.

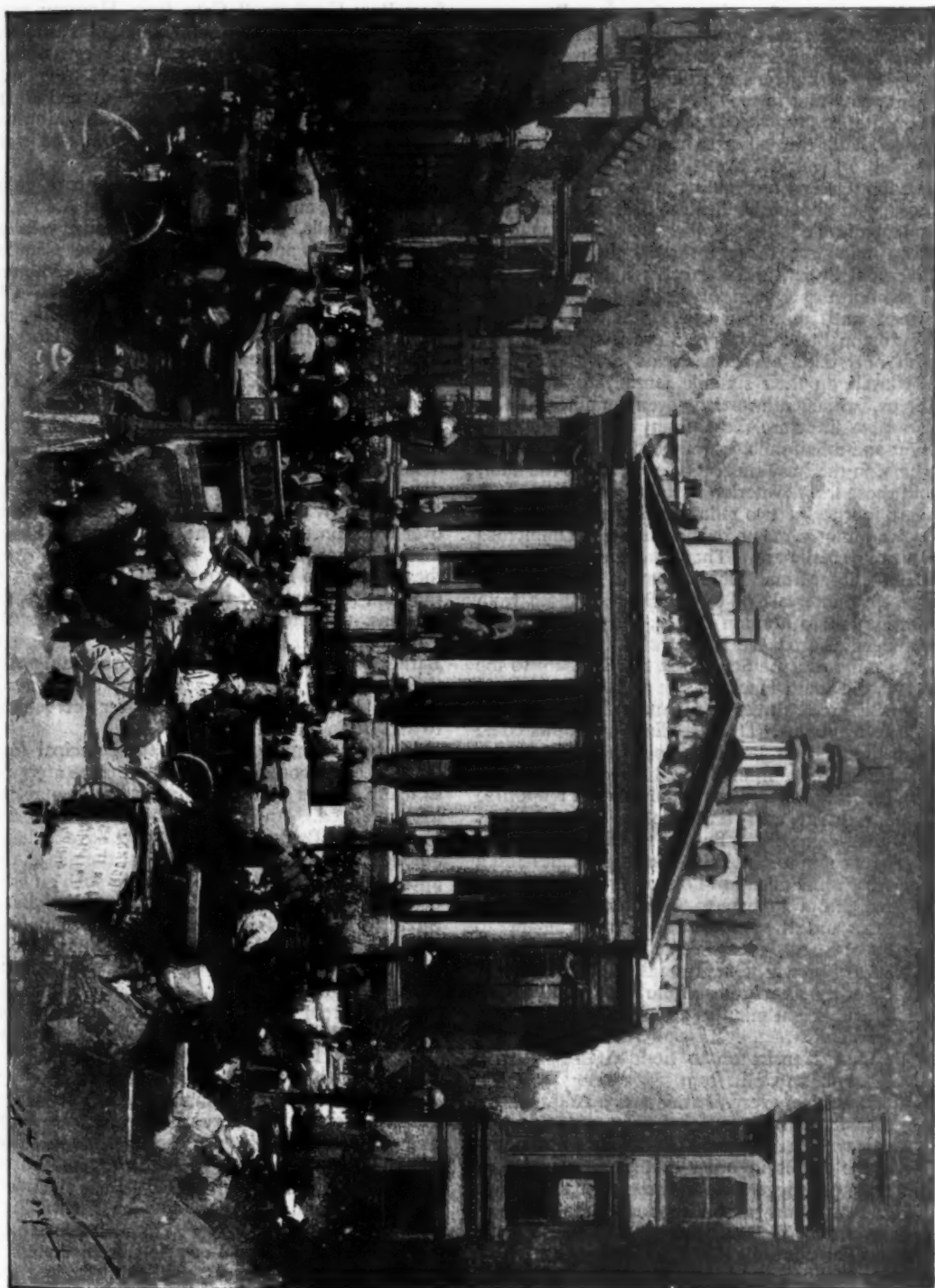
The omnibuses are the most conspicuous features of London locomotives. They are big, and busy, and aggressive. Let us take them first. Through the heart of the City, that open space overlooked by the Exchange, Bank, and Mansion House, there pass 808 omnibuses every hour, that is, one every

four and a half seconds; along Trafalgar Square there pass 708 every hour; along the Strand there pass 360. These are by no means all the omnibuses in London, as we shall see by-and-by; they are only those whose journeys happen to take them past these particular points.

What may be called the Mansion House group are perhaps the least conspicuous, owing to the mighty maze of other traffic with which they mingle. Let us sort them out and see where they come from. There are thirty-nine different lines of them, many of them sufficiently distinguishable by their colours. Twelve of the lines are dark green, two green, four light green, five brown, six red, four white, three yellow, two chocolate, and one dark blue. First among the dark greens come the City Atlases, on their six-and-a-half-mile journey from Belsize Road to London Bridge, six of which pass each way in an hour; next come those from Bow to Oxford Circus, another six-and-a-half-mile journey, which also pass each way every ten minutes; next are those from Finsbury Park to London Bridge, travelling five and three-quarter miles at the rate of a little over five miles an hour, and passing every ten minutes; next come those from Islington to Peckham, a dozen of them each way in the hour; then every four minutes come the Kilburn line, on their six-and-a-half-mile journey to Liverpool Street; then come three lines from Notting Hill to Liverpool Street, of each of which there are twenty each way in an hour, two of them, those to the Eagle and the Lancaster, having a route of six and three-quarter



THE STRAND.



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

miles, the Lancasters travelling at over six miles an hour ; then, every six minutes, come those from Stoke Newington to Victoria ; every ten minutes come those from the Swiss Cottage to London Bridge ; every twelve minutes those from Bayswater to Shoreditch ; and also every twelve minutes those from Wormwood Scrubs to Liverpool Street. That gives 262 dark greens in an hour. The greens are only twenty-four in the hour, one line coming from Highgate Archway to London Bridge, five miles and a half, the other running from St. Paul's Station to Liverpool Street, a mile and a quarter. The light greens are more numerous. There are those from Shepherd's Bush to Mile End, an eight-and-a-half-mile journey, which pass each way every seven minutes ; those from Shepherd's Bush to Liverpool Street, and the other Shepherd's Bush line from the Queen of England to Liverpool Street, and the line from Stamford Hill to Newington Butts, which pass every eight minutes. The only dark blues that pass are those from Blackwall, on their six-mile journey to Piccadilly Circus, which run every seven minutes. The chocolate lines are those from Fulham, on their eight-and-a-half-mile journey to Old Ford, four of which, in the busy time, pass each way in the hour, and those from Waterloo to Liverpool Street, on a short journey of two miles and a half, every three or five minutes. The reds appear more numerous than they really are. There are only six lines of them—those from Hammersmith to Liverpool Street, at intervals of three minutes ; those from Notting Hill to London Bridge, every ten minutes ; the Generals from the Elephant to the Angel, every three minutes ; the Stars from the Elephant to the Angel, the South Hackney line and the Road Cars, from Liverpool Street to Hammersmith, that pass every ten minutes. The three lines of yellows come from the Harrow Road to London Bridge, every eight minutes ; from Kensal Green to London Bridge, every six minutes ; and from West Kilburn to London Bridge, every ten minutes. The four lines of whites come from Putney to Liverpool Street, every four minutes, a journey of eight miles and a quarter ; from Fulham to London Bridge, every four minutes ; from Fulham to Shoreditch, every seven minutes, and the other line from Fulham to Liverpool Street, every five or six minutes. The five lines of browns come from Pimlico to Liverpool Street, every six minutes ; from Victoria to Shoreditch, every eight minutes ; from West Kensington to Liverpool Street, every eight or nine minutes ; from West Kensington to London Bridge, every eight minutes ; and from Moorgate Street to London Bridge, every five minutes. Adding these together, it will be found that there are 404 omnibuses travelling each way in an hour. We have given the details in order that there may be no suspicion of exaggeration with regard to the moving flood that pours across opposite the Mansion House from Victoria Street, Poultry, Princes Street, Threadneedle Street, Cornhill, and King William Street. Add to these the vans and drays and carts and trollies, and cabs and private carriages, and you have some idea of the traffic with which the few policemen have to deal.

Think, too, of the omnibuses that, now the

traffic is regulated at Wellington Street, pass in detachments along the Strand—the dark blues from Blackwall, from Camberwell, from Waterloo, and from the Old Kent Road ; the dark greens from Bow, Camberwell Gate, from Hornsey, from Stoke Newington, and from Tollington Park ; the chocolates from Fulham ; the North-Western line ; the reds from Hammersmith, from Notting Hill, and from Shoreditch ; the whites from Fulham and Putney ; and the browns from the Monster, from Victoria, from West Kensington, and from the Midland and the Great Northern.

Think, too, of those at Trafalgar Square, going east and west, and north and south—the Archways, the Blackwalls, the Bows, the Camberwells to Camden Town and Belsize Road, the Camden Towns from Victoria, the Waterloos, the Kilburns from Charing Cross, the Cricklewoods, the Old Fords, the Hammersmiths, the Harlesdens, the Haverstock Hills, the Favourites to Hornsey Rise, the Kenningtons, the Kentish Towns, the Putneys, the Dun Cows, the St. John's Woods to the Swiss Cottage, the Pimlico line that so unexpectedly turn down the slum in Victoria Street, the Notting Hills, the Favourites to Stoke Newington that go up Chancery Lane, and those that go to Tollington Park, the Uxbridge Roads, the Waterloos to Baker Street that come over Westminster Bridge, the Salisburies, the Shoreditch road-cars and those from West Kensington, the Districts to Baker Street, the Westminster to the tram terminus that run every two minutes, the Eustons, the Great Northerns, the Midlands, the Peckhams, the Brixtons, and those that go to Barnes and those that go to the Royal Oak. Add these together, and you have forty-two separate lines, making up amongst them over 700 vehicles to and fro in an hour.

We have mentioned most of the principal lines of the London omnibus traffic, but there are quite as many feeders and cross-routes that cannot be left unnoticed. Among these are the yellow Old Fords to the Bank, which we would have included among the first group had they not the gift of disappearing up Threadneedle Street in such an exasperating way. Then there are those from Baker Street to Victoria, from Camberwell to Shoreditch over the Tower Bridge and over London Bridge, from Clapham Junction to Knightsbridge, from Clapton to the Elephant, from Kingsland to the Elephant, from Farringdon to the Elephant, from Fulham to Highbury Barn up Shaftesbury Avenue, from Green Lanes to Upper Street, from Hammersmith to Fulham, from Hammersmith to Walham Green, from Hampstead to St. Giles's Church, from Highbury Barn to the Angel and to Piccadilly down Rosebery Avenue, from Kennington to Paddington by way of the Euston Road, from Kennington to Barnsbury up Aldersgate Street, from Kilburn to Fulham, from Kilburn to Victoria, from Kilburn to Willesden, from King's Cross to Victoria down Long Acre, from Shoreditch to Old Kent Road over the Tower Bridge, from Sloane Street to Putney, from Victoria to Oxford Circus, from Walham Green to Islington and to Victoria, from Westbourne Park to Victoria, and in fact all the Victoria lines going West. In short,

London has 152 separate omnibus lines, and the great feature of the last few years has been the development of cross-routes and the purely suburban services.

The longest journey travelled by a London omnibus is eight and a half miles, with houses all the way. Only three lines do this—those from Fulham to Highbury Barn and from Shepherd's Bush to Mile End, which take an hour and a half on the journey, and that from Sands End, Fulham, to Old Ford, which takes ninety-four minutes on the journey. The shortest journey is that from Kennington Lane to Grosvenor Road, which is just a quarter of a mile. The cheapest line is that from the Elephant to Farringdon Road, which averages a halfpenny per mile over its journey of two miles; the dearest lines are those from Blackheath to Eltham and Blackheath to Shooter's Hill, on which the average is nearly twopence-halfpenny a mile. The fastest line is that from Brixton to Tulse Hill, which travels at the rate of eight and a third miles an hour; the slowest is that from St. Paul's station to Liverpool Street, which travels its mile and a quarter at the exhilarating rate of half a mile an hour. The biggest omnibuses carry twenty-eight passengers, and are to be found on the Clapham to Putney and several other South London lines; the smallest hold ten, and run the local traffic over Putney, Vauxhall, Westminster, Waterloo, and Blackfriars Bridges. The earliest London omnibus leaves Highgate Archway at five minutes to six in the morning and reaches Trafalgar Square at twenty minutes to seven, after a journey of four and a half miles; the latest London omnibus leaves the Cedars, West Kensington, at twenty minutes past twelve, and arrives at the Hare and Hounds, Islington, at twenty minutes to two, after a journey of over seven miles by way of Knightsbridge, Park Lane, Baker Street, and Pentonville.

The trams are earlier and not so late. The earliest car starts from Highgate for Aldersgate at twelve minutes past three, and is generally crowded with Meat Market and Post-Office men: the latest leaves Euston for Holloway at fourteen minutes past twelve. The bulk of the omnibuses do not begin until seven or eight o'clock; the trams begin much earlier owing to their being run for the workmen—the workmen's cars numbering 175 every morning, some of the early ones not having a dozen passengers.

The biggest cars are on the Poplar to Aldgate line; they hold fifty-two. The smallest cars are on the line from Camberwell Green to Vauxhall; they hold eighteen. The longest tram journey is on our cleanest and best-managed line, that from Blackfriars Bridge to Lower Tooting, about six miles and a third, and it occupies an hour and five minutes. The shortest journey is from Powis Street, Woolwich, to the Arsenal, a branch of the Plumstead and Greenwich system, which is just a quarter of a mile, but you may consider yourself lucky if you get a ride on it, as the company only run one car a year in order to maintain their right. There are a few other short lines in a somewhat

similar state, the shortest in regular work being that from Finsbury Park to Wood Green, which is less than a third of a mile long. The cheapest tram line is that from Stratford to Aldgate, where the workmen travel at about a farthing a mile; the dearest is from Finsbury Park to Edmonton, where you have to pay twopence a mile. The slowest tram travelling is that from Harrow Road to Harlesden, where the rate ranges from three and a half to four and a quarter miles an hour; the fastest is that from Woodford to Lea Bridge Road, where the rate is ten miles an hour, that is if the County Council statisticians have not been the sport of a printer's error, as they have obviously been in the case of the line from Clapham Junction to Chelsea Bridge, where the speed is given as nearly nine miles an hour, when it is really not over five.

London has far more tramways than it gets credit for. Within the county, where they are all of 4 ft. 8½ in. gauge, except at Highgate Hill and Woolwich, where the gauge is only 3 ft. 6 in., there are seventy-one distinct routes, of which fifty-eight are used, the unworked lines measuring about eight miles. The worked lines total up to more than 213 miles; if we add the length of the omnibus routes to them we get a mileage of 849 for what we may call our fixed locomotive service other than that of the railways. The average speed of a London tram is 5·48 miles per hour; that of a London omnibus is 5·5 miles per hour. The average tram fare is ·67 of a penny per mile. The average omnibus fare is ·92 of a penny per mile. There are 879 cars on the lines, which among them run 17,150 single journeys during their day's work, which lasts on the average for 16 hrs. 44 min. The omnibuses are more than twice as many; there are 2,130 of them, and these run over 35,000 single journeys in the course of a day that averages 15 hrs. 32 min.

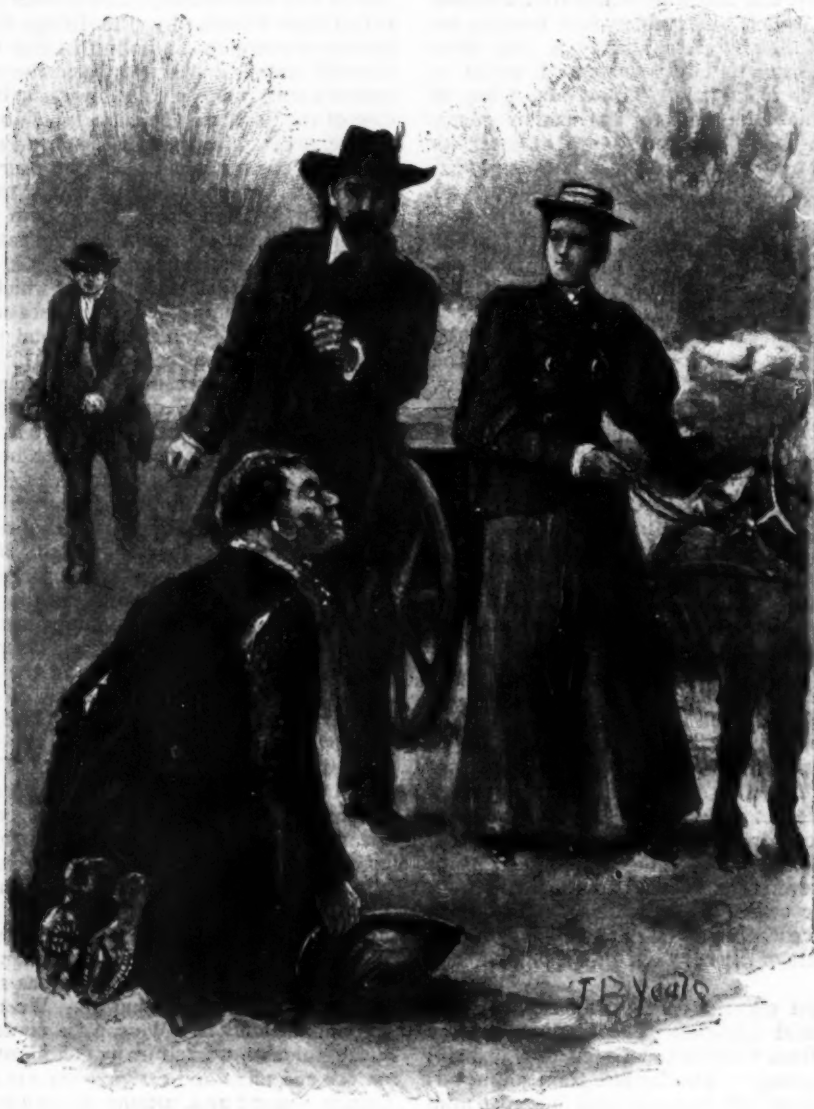
There are twelve London tram companies. In the course of a year their cars run 22,787,000 miles and carry 225,263,000 passengers. The London omnibuses run 49,783,000 miles a year and carry 326,000,000 passengers. Over 1,300 of them belong to the London General Company and the proprietors working in association with it, the Road Car Company ranking next with 278 omnibuses, Mr. Tilling coming third with ninety-two, followed by the Star Company with seventy-seven. To work its tramcars London requires 10,092 horses; to work its omnibuses it has 25,573.

The figures are mounting up. We need not go into money matters. We can be content with our 3,329 vehicles, worked by 35,665 horses, travelling 72,500,000 miles and carrying 551,345,000 passengers in a year; and, without venturing into further detail, can bring the matter, as regards the omnibuses at least, more within the bounds of comprehension by averaging out each of the 800 omnibuses passing the Mansion House in an hour as travelling sixty-four miles a day, carrying 420 passengers as its day's work, and earning three shillings and sixpence during each of its fifteen journeys.

W. J. GORDON.

THE DREAMS OF DANIA.

BY FREDERICK LANGERIDGE, AUTHOR OF "SENT BACK BY THE ANGELS," "MISS HONORIA," ETC.



"WHATEVER YOUR HONOUR WISHES," SAID THE RUFFIAN.

CHAPTER VIII.—MR. OLIVER MORIARTY.

IT was midway into October. Standish was idling in the office of "The Tournay," when a card was brought to him: "Mr. Oliver Moriarty."

"From Chicago," observed the clerk who handed it.

"Show the gentleman in," said Standish, and

whipping out a tiny pocket-glass, he combed his moustache, and gave a fresh impetus to the brigandish propensity of his hat.

There entered a small dark wiry man of perhaps sixty-five, with bushy grey eyebrows and hair that stood up on his head, a radiating blue-grey stubble, two inches high. His hat was a wide-awake of American pattern. His speech, when he opened his

mouth, located his residence as somewhere on the other side. His aspect was simple and a little sad.

"An advertiser," thought Standish, and with ready courtesy he vacated the chair in the caller's favour.

"Sit down, sir," he said, "you'll find that an invaluable chair. A man who had been stuck seven times running in astronomy drew up in that chair at an exam."—he pointed to the tunnelled seat—"and straightway got through."

"Ah," said Mr. Moriarty, "I wouldn't wonder. You are, I reckon, the proprietor of 'The Tournay'?" He pronounced the last word as though he were referring to a decapitated attorney.

"I am, sir," said Standish, "and it is with some pride that I refer to our advertising achievements. You will find that the firms that availed themselves of our space almost invariably did well; not a few achieved distinction. There were Pears & Co.; they had a line outside title beginning with our May issue: I am told that already their soap is beginning to move. 'Mother Seigel,' well, they gave us only a quarter inside page: but still—Beecham's, really that was very gratifying: but they had an outside page for twelve months. You have heard of Beecham's Pills?"

"I think I have," said Mr. Moriarty. "Take two of them before an earthquake, don't you; and three an hour after your funeral?" The puckers of his mouth gave a little twitch; he glanced up out of the corners of his eyes: that was his way of smiling. "But I looked you up in reference to another matter. It was literature."

"Oh," said Standish, with rather a chapfallen air, "are you the new Western bard, come alongside at last? Well, sir, you have a fine field; there is a big thing in immortality waiting for the man who can sing the sausage-machine—from the inside."

"I tried it, sir," said Mr. Moriarty. "I reckon I've touched life here and there; but I don't see much in literature except guide-books, not in the West."

"Oh, you are an expert."

"I have let fall romances and dramas; for three years I did all the poetry for McGutcheon's *Lethe*; or, *Flea's Paradise*. I have been descriptive reporter, special editor, and I am at this moment proprietor of two daily papers."

"What politics?"

"One each way, sir; I don't disturb the balance of things. But I only run them incidentally now. You may have heard tell of Moriarty City?"

"Oh yes, of course! Was she not doing something rather special of late?"

"She was, sir. Moriarty City is just after celebrating her decenary—the tenth year of her corporate existence. It was an emotional occasion, sir; there was eloquence; her daughters rallied round her: she was called 'the Mother of Cities.'"

"I think I remember that phrase. But it struck me that at her time of life she could hardly expect any further increase of her family."

Mr. Moriarty's corners went down.

"In the West, sir, we move," he said. "We ain't long Chicago-way in running up an old civilisation."

"No," said Standish.

"Thus in the States a town. To-day it puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears its blushing honours thick upon it;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost."

"No, sir, it ain't a frost—not yet anyway. It's humming hot all over. The New Zealander won't be sitting on the ruins of Moriarty Acropolis this fall, I calculate. I've run two or three things in my time—advertising bureaux, estate offices, menageries, ladies' boarding-school company, lyceums, patent heel-tip amalgamation, universal exchange, everything in life, *cum multis aliis*: some caught on, some didn't; but the biggest thing I ever run was Moriarty City. But this is not what I come about. You have a new Irish romancist whom, I guess, you mean to boom. and as far as my judgment goes her utterances will turn out a big thing: I think they are what the public wants just now, for I have read them both ways up and the moral comes out just the same."

"Oh, you like the touch, do you? Well, I take some little credit for discovering the lady, for, as you justly remark, she was in a tolerably thick fog. Miss Dania Fitzmaurice, you mean?"

"I do, sir. Can you tell me anything about her?"

"Well, sir," said Standish, "it is not my custom to speak about my contributors, unless, in fact—"

"Quite right," said Mr. Moriarty; "but you needn't be afraid of speaking to me. I'm her uncle."

"Dear me, and you have been abroad for years?"

"Over forty years. Only been in Europe a week. The fact is, I'm going to have a look round, and—well, there! I've lost the address. Just saw 'The Tournay' name up as I came by, and I fancied you could give me the address anyway."

A sudden idea flashed across Standish's brain.

"I can give you that, certainly," he said, "but not very much besides. Close as our literary relations are, in the flesh we have never met. But she is young, I know, quite young; about the age of"—he threw a bland glance into the stranger's face—"your own daughter."

"Wrong there," said Mr. Moriarty. "No, I never had chick nor child. This young lady is my nearest. And this is the address, eh? I thank you, sir; and now, is there any house agent you could recommend?"

"There are several. But is it for Dublin or the country?"

"The country. Fact is, I took a sort of notion of taking a house near this—how d'ye call it?—Kildargle, for a month or two."

"If you'll allow me," said Standish, "I'll just take you to the very man for your purpose. Perhaps he would not do any worse for you if he knew you were a friend of mine; well, that sounds rather pushing. Still I hope we will be friends, sir, starting with such an interest in common."

"I hope we will, sir; I think we will."

Dame Street and Grafton Street were at their full. It was a bright and pretty show.

Mr. Moriarty laid his hand on Standish's arm.

"Look," he said, "I never saw the like of that for forty year, and when I see it I've half a mind to make straight for the cars and back to Moriarty City."

He pointed to a child with bare feet.

"Ah, yes," said Standish, with easy acquiescence, "sad, very sad; but here we are."

At the end of half an hour Mr. Moriarty had taken for six months, ready furnished, Clonakilty Chase, four miles from Kildargle.

"What name will I put?" asked the agent's clerk as he made out the receipt.

"Mr. Mor—" Standish officiously began.

"Mortality," said the new tenant, pinching his young friend into silence.

"I didn't know," Standish said, when they were descending the stairs, "that you were coming incog."

"Well," said Moriarty, "it came into my head all of a sudden. No harm, maybe, to have a look round before I divulge myself. But, my aunt! you started me under a queer name. I could think of nothing else beginning with *Mor*."

Standish dined that night with his new acquaintance at the Shelbourne; and it was agreed that as soon as Moriarty was well out of his portmanteaus, Standish should come and stay with him.

"The end of the week after next," said Moriarty. "How will that suit you, eh?"

"Capitally," said Standish. "I will be there."

He lit a cigarette, and ran down the stairs. The stars were throbbing frostily. As Standish buttoned up his coat he said to himself, with a sudden resolution, "I'll run down to Kildargle to-morrow."

CHAPTER IX.—ABOUT A LITTLE DINNER.

NEXT morning, at about half-past ten, Standish, beautiful in furs and a white chrysanthemum, jumped out of a car and strode swiftly to his editorial sanctum. Standish always either lounged or moved with pard-like strides. What does the author of "Dublin Caterwauls" say of him?—

"He strode, he glode, I wot he walk'd not, he."

"Halloa, Verschoyle!" said Daly, appearing from the panting clangour within, "where are you off to?"

"Running down to Roscrea," said Standish, as he dropped a roll of manuscript into his pocket.

Daly glanced at the roll as it receded, and thought he knew its aspect.

"Three stations from Kildargle," he said. "Faith, I believe in my heart 'tis there you're bound. But maybe your station's on the Shores of Silence, eh?"

"Well," said Standish, "I might get a glimpse of Kildargle. There's good material for an article there."

"Ay," said Daly, surveying the chrysanthemum, "and wouldn't you book yourself to Kil-lady, too? Standish, I'm not half sure I'd like to see you leading that girl captive."

"Arrah, now, be aisy," said Standish, trying to look unconcerned. "Why, man alive, the girl's engaged for all I know to the contrary, and when I marry don't you think it's likely to be for love—and money?"

"Well," said Daly, "that's true anyway. I don't think the temptation to pay some young woman's board and lodging will ever be too strong for you; and yet I'd very near take my oath—Standish, I know when a boy's going a-courting. 'Tis into the 'engaged' carriage they'll be putting you."

"I must be off, old man," said Standish, with a faint flush upon his cheeks. "Any message if I see the Canon?"

Daly followed Standish through the exterior rooms, talking as he went.

"Why, I wouldn't know more than his appearance, bless his dear old heart! Whist, I'll risk it. George, put that case of champagne on Mr. Verschoyle's car. Say it is the tribute, Standish, of one who owes him more than ever he'll pay."

"All right. Here, take care," Standish shouted, as a young clerk began to force the case of wine into the well, and, leaning across, he rescued from destruction a florist's bouquet which had been lying perdu.

"Dear me!" said Daly, "a guinea bouquet."

"Nonsense," said Standish; "my landlady—Drive on, Jarvey."

"I say," said Daly, pinching Standish's knee, "I suppose she did not come in for a million on the sly?"

"Go on," cried the driver, and the car dashed away. It was well for Standish. How often does an arrow, shot at a venture, pierce the joints of our armour! The young fellow's face, as that random jocularity smote him, turned red as a peony.

I don't believe that until that moment Standish had ever quite penetrated through the mellowing mist that hangs around our motives, softening their gaunt outlines, and touching them with a tender charm. I daresay he half believed that he was in quest of picturesque copy, with a secondary motive of calling on a contributor.

He knew now—for one clear moment at least—that Dania's pecuniary possibilities had presented themselves to him as a way out of that blackberry wood where, failing that way, he could only hope for robins to tuck him up; and that his quick resolution was due to a desire to get a footing in favour before anybody knew that he knew of the "long-lost uncle turned up millionaire."

"What an ass I was," he said to himself later, when he was established in his second smoking, "to make fun of the girl's romances. It might come round; and then the father seems to be such a dear old boy; and, upon my word, the style grows upon one. That 'Shores of Silence' has some very pretty bits."

As the train neared Roscrea Standish drew out the roll of manuscript, within whose depths a galley proof was wound. "It might be no harm," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes, "to show a decent familiarity with the immortal work. Let us see if we cannot pick out a few gems to adorn the sleeve of conversation. Ah," he said, "here is a round and most orient pearl. I'm sure she prides herself on this." And he began to read aloud:

"'Moving through misty moonlight, and the still—'

"Why, the wretched girl has been slipping in surreptitious lengths of blank verse—"

'Moving through misty moonlight, and the still keen twinkle of the stars, over white grass dripping with dews of silence, Mona sped— little bright Mona, with her shining feet—'

There's something in that; there's a shine that I feel—a sort of sparkling coolness. Good girl! Let us see, where are we? Oh, here—

'With her shining feet,
That twink'd—'

Oh, oh! not 'twink'd.' Surely, surely not 'twinkl'd.' Yes, it is! 'Twink'd—'

'That twink'd like salmon down the green lush deeps of wandering wanness.'

He read the lines again and again, gloating over every *naïf* charm, chuckling over "green lush deeps," smiling broadly over "wandering wanness," and coming home to rest in a long inward laugh on "twink'd."

"I thank thee, Jew," he said, drying his eyes, "oh, I thank thee, for teaching me that word. Why, here's Roscrea!"

He put up his traps, and walked down the station steps intent on finding a luncheon place, and on seeing, as he phrased it in his mind, the Cathedral and the sausages. Looking into a certain bacon shop he observed a ticket hung over the smiling cheeks of a pig. It bore the inscription "Our own Irish Heads." He grinned at that and noted it down: but all the hours during which he ate his luncheon, or searched for relics of the brave old wall and of the rollicking garden whose glory lives only in the beat of a refrain, or guessed at the—open—secret of the drains, or haggled with persistently persuasive old women over the price of a lace pocket-handkerchief, or watched the entry into stately portals of the unreturning pig, or leaned across the noble bridge and gazed upon the great river as it went chafing through its white rapids, with the long grey wall of King John's Castle plumb with its margin, and the gaunt outlines of the Cathedral, that was once O'Driscoll's keep, springing, beyond, from the roofs of the old town, while the broad and shining vista was closed by a shoulder of the hills, bloomy and damson-blue, of Caherconlish;—all that time there was an inward fount of laughter sparkling within Standish's heart. "Twink'd," he said to himself, and shook withal.

Reaching Kildargle, Standish strolled through the long avenue of its large elms, past white and buff-coloured cottages, each individual, each with quaint little upper windows shining through the mellow thatch like a Skye terrier's bright eye through his hair, each with a separate clutch at the heart, each an independent embodiment of slow peace and kindly ripening; past the stone drinking fountain, past the square massiveness of the red Trinitarian Church, till he reached the Imperial Hotel. There he put up his bag, and asked—for Standish never took a second or a third dinner anywhere—what he could have to eat.

"Anything at all," said the landlord. "Just name it."

"Ah," said Standish, "that's good. You haven't a *carte*, I suppose?"

"I have," said the landlord; "two of 'em. But maybe your honour means a car?"

Standish smiled. "I'll have a bit of fish."

"Ah," said the landlord, with a fine curl of the lip, "I wouldn't think much of fish. The fact is—"

Standish saw that he was going too large.

"Well," he said, "I'll have a chicken."

"Now, there," said the landlord, "there! That's just the way of it. Your honour's after naming the one creature we're out of—for about twenty minutes."

"Never mind," said Standish. "I won't be a martyr even at a steak. A steak, there's a good fellow—tender and—!" But there was no light of acquiescence in the landlord's face. "A chop, then," Standish jerked out angrily, "and if it's not underdone when it is done, then it were well done quickly. Well, you don't mean—?"

The landlord chuckled and nodded humorously to imaginary witnesses. "You hear him? There, that's the way he has me posed. Chops and steaks—just the two things that I wouldn't have, saving when I got an order for the like. You wouldn't believe, now, that things would go that cross and contrary if you'd read it in a book."

"Oh, come!" said Standish, angry, for he wore his dinner next to his heart, "let me hear what you have. I was going to suggest potatoes, but, of course, you don't encourage those French dishes. What have you got?"

"Well," said the landlord, as one puzzled what flower to pull from all the wooing sweetness of the beds, "well, I suppose—no, no. Wait till I think.—ah! What—what—would you say to a dish of eggs and bacon?"

"Well," said Standish, "if you are curious to know, my remark would probably be, 'Give it to the cat.' Anything but eggs and bacon."

"Ah," said the landlord. "Well, well! and when his Excellency the Lord-Liftenant was staying here it was just that he'd be taking for his dejewny or his hot collation—but sure, tastes differ. No matter, we'll select something else. Let us see, let us see."

He walked a few meditative paces, murmuring to himself, "I suppose—no, no, I wouldn't set the likes of that before his honour; nor a nice cut of that—ah no, 'tis indigestible; and—no, I couldn't recommend them at all."

At length he stopped and said rather coyly, "Of course, 'tis only a suggestion that I am throwing out, but no harm, as the man said, in just mentioning it."

"Oh, get along," said Standish. "It's stir-about, I suppose—what her Excellency the Lady-Liftenant always had handed round at her receptions."

"Ah no," said the landlord, "not at this time of the day. I was merely thinking that your honour might take a fad for—well, then—a nice rasher with a couple of fried eggs."

Standish recognised the inevitable. "All right," he said. "What must be must. Queer thing, wasn't it, we never thought of that before?"

At that moment a buxom maid entered, and laid across a grudging strip of table a neat series of holes connected by threads of tablecloth, bread, a knife and a three-pronged fork, and a blue and yellow jug with samples of boiled potato adhering to the handle. There were added a lemon-coloured incrustation of salt in a corner of a dingy salt-cellar, and, the crown of all, a lofty cruet-stand, in one of whose many chambers lingered a lonely bottle.

"Ah," said the landlord approvingly, "that's a nice ralish with a piece of cheese or mutton or the likes o' that. That's mustard."

"Pharaoh's?" said Standish, surveying the brown petrification with its spoon—embossed all along the handle—cleaving to the edge of the phial. "Ah, what tales that pot could tell:

"And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)

In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago."

The landlord stared.

"Never out of the ould country myself," he remarked at length, "but I had a cousin that had his passage took to Philadelphia."

"Why don't you inform the ladies," Standish inquired, "that we have elected bacon and eggs?"

"Maybe I better had," the landlord answered, and he made as if to leave the room.

But at that moment the maid, charging nervously in, swung him back behind the opening door, and set down upon the table a great smoking dish—blocks of bacon and flattened leather of pale eggs for a hungry dozen.

"Well," said the landlord, "that's the queerest thing at all. Not a word said, and herself leaping on to the eggs in her naked sagacity."

"She had her boots on anyhow," said Standish. "The eggs are quite flat."

"Glad your honour likes them," said the landlord. "And don't be sparing them now—nor the mustard."

Remember, please, this happened some little while ago. Under the present *régime* he who dines at the Imperial dines right cosily, if not quite imperially.

CHAPTER X.—STANDISH VERSCHOYLE TO THE RESCUE.

ABOUT four o'clock that afternoon, Dania, returning from a little trip which she had undertaken for her father, was walking up a steepish ascent, while Daisy came nid-nodding behind.

As far as her genuine and characteristic population is concerned Ireland may still proudly make her immemorial boast. In her demesne bright eyes are a better guard than bright steel. Even in the grimmest slums of the poorest cities of the world a lady may come and go without fear and without reproach, sure, indeed, of half-prophetic blessings wrung from withered lips, and of almost knightly courtesy from corner-boys wearing their brown tatters jauntily and ready to earn an honest penny anyhow save by honest work.

"On she went, and her maiden smile

In safety lighted her round the Green Isle:—"

that story would still be infallibly, as it is normally, true, but for the denationalised professional tramp of the country road. Of him I have known things too terrible to be told here. Let no such man be trusted, and for his evil sake no lonely road.

Just as she gained the top of the ascent, skirted by green firs and sycamores holding here and there a yellow smitten leaf, there emerged two men. Tramps beyond all mistake. The modern analogue of the sturdy beggar of old.

"God bless your ladyship's sweet face," the bigger and the uglier of the two ruffians began to whine; "me and my pal is on the road, looking for honest work, footsore and hungry."

"We didn't break our fast this day," said the other, "not even a drink of water." He laid his hand upon Daisy's bridle, and held her still. Dania believed that. The air was heavy with the fumes of whisky.

"I'm very sorry," she said, "but I haven't anything with me." And she moved to pass on.

"Begging your pardon," said the taller ruffian, standing across her path, "maybe, if you looked in your purse——"

"I tell you I have nothing. Please to let me pass," said Dania, looking very bold and feeling very nervous; and she stepped forward.

But the ruffian with his arm stayed her passage. Dania sent forth a shriek of terror.

Then there was a sound as of the flat of a spade beating hard against a clay embankment; the man dropped like a stone. Dania reeled forward, but an arm caught her.

"Don't be afraid," said a voice that sounded pleasantly. "Stand here for one moment. Now, Gallows number two, come and take your gruel."

Dania, leaning against a stone wall, beheld a tall and a very good-looking young man throw on to the ground a broad-brimmed curly hat, and advance, with fists held jauntily down, upon the smaller tramp.

"Who's a-saying anything to you?" growled the fellow. "Can't you lave an honest poor man walk on the public road? Hit one of your own size."

"All in good time, Gallows. Meanwhile, I'll make shift with you. Put up your props."

The reluctant ruffian, thus adjured, squared up, but in one brief moment he was lying, grateful for such pleasant quarters, in a little roadside bower of thistles and nettles.

"Any more, sweet Gallows?" asked the young fellow.

"Not a taste more, your honour. 'Tis the same as a dead man I am presently."

"Ah no, Gallows. With your naturally fine constitution you may hope for many blackguardly years yet. Up with you now, and beg the lady's pardon on your knees."

The man was protesting that that was too much to expect of any man, when suddenly his eyes went beyond the commanding speaker, and he grew compliant.

"Whatever your honour wishes," he said, with a twitch on his evil face, and, scrambling on to his knees, he asked what he was to say.

Standish—why delay announcement of the

obvious fact?—Standish, delightfully conscious of making an heroic and a picturesque figure, was thinking what form of words to prescribe, when Dania gave a sudden start and cried out, "Look—look—oh!"

The warning came too late. The tramp first to fall had crept up silently with a large stone in his hand. Standing now only a few yards behind Standish he threw it at the young man's head. Happily, he was hurried and not yet full master of his strength, or in all probability the career of Standish Verschoyle would have come to an abrupt conclusion.

As it was, the stone struck the conqueror a heavy blow. Dania, standing too much terrified even to cry out, heard the sickening thud of the impact, and for one half-second saw the young man stand quite still. Then he lifted his two hands straight above his head; then he gave a dizzy plunge forward.

The two men exchanged a nod and a grin, and shambling over a stone wall, almost instantly disappeared.

"Oh!" said Dania, "you are frightfully hurt. Your head!"

"Never mind," said Standish; "as Lord Brougham remarked under similar circumstances, 'it was crackit before!' The murderous villain! May I sit down?"

He slid down among the nettles where his adversary so recently had lain.

Impulsively Dania dropped on to her knees beside him. Then, having dipped her handkerchief in water, she tied it round her hero's head. The process cost her a good deal of effort, and left her the whiter of the two.

"Rest a few minutes," she said, "and then, if you can get into the little carriage, I'll drive you home."

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"Just on this side of the village," she said; "at the Rectory."

"How strange," he exclaimed, "how happy! I came here to see that Rectory as pilgrims come to a shrine. And you are she—ah, but I might have known. You are Dania Fitzmaurice."

"And you?" she asked, rosy as a May morning now.

"Oh," he said, "I am a nameless discoverer."

"What did you discover?"

"I discovered Dania Fitzmaurice—I edit 'The Tourney.'"

CHAPTER XI.—THE RECTOR MAKES A CONFIDANTE.

IT was in the course of that early November afternoon of which a memorable incident has just been related that a rather singular thing befell at the Rectory.

Gerard had been away for a couple of days, visiting one of the minor and remoter estates under his management. Consequently, he was not duly posted up in Dania's arrangements, and, arriving at the Rectory with intent to spend one of those swiftly lagging, idle-busy afternoons which are the peculiar heritage of the engaged, he found his bright bird flown.

Indeed, the cage seemed curiously empty. No smiling Paddy appeared, like the promptest of good genii rung up by the chink of the bonny mare's shoes. Only black Molly, whose watch was always too fast, loomed out of the mist of her own breath, and wanted to know when she was going to be milked and what was keeping Daisy.

"Deed then, Molly," said Gerard, "I'm just as much obfuscated as yourself. Maybe Rectory. Bridget has a friend in from Roscrea, and herself and Paddy are taking her (or him) for a walk in the demesne. Isn't it myself that would have a throstle singing in my heart with the first patter of Daisy's little toes? Take a nice stroll round, acushla, and ye won't be thinking long at all."

Molly, however, refused to take advice, returning a muttered and sulky reply in which only the words "no dacency at all at all," and "onaissy about her, the crathur," were distinctly audible.

Gerard put up his mare, and, as the household returning from the stable often did, entered the house by the back kitchen.

There was a delightful fire—turf and coal artfully blended. The day was raw. It seemed to Gerard that a pipe in Bridget's rocking-chair, with one's starved legs swinging softly to the merry blaze, as full as a river of whispers and bubbles and kindly purrs, as full as a garden of tender tints and jewelled glows, was a thing greatly to be desired.

He took out his faithful, though asthmatic, brier, and began, with glowing summer on his gaiters, to fill the bowl with his favourite blend—the mixture as before.

Then, as he stooped for a light, Gerard heard the Rector's voice speaking in the hall.

"A present for me?" he was saying. "'Deed, then, Bridget Heffernan, it's very decent of you to be thinking of me. Will you be wanting the basket back?"

"Well, then, Pa'son, not to deceive you, the basket belongs to——"

"I'll empty it, Bridget. Eggs, I wouldn't wonder." And the Rector put a confiding hand into its depths. He brought it out with great vivacity.

"Dear me," he said, "it's alive. At least, it bites. What would it be at all? Not—not—white mice?"

"Ah no, Pa'son; but what'll cure you of 'em—and rats too. And, your Reverence, I wouldn't be quite so aisy about them rats. Sure they has the cats just waiting on them, as obsequious as you please. Pa'son, did you ever look into the eye of one of them rats? Myself is just after meeting one, sitting on the stairs, as pompous as though it was himself paid the rates, and I wouldn't get liberty to pass till I invaded him with Bridget Rectory's broom. Pa'son, is it according to natur him sitting there, scowling defiance, and disputing precedence that a-way, and, when he found me resolute, moving off with a streak of lightning in the wicked eyes of him?"

"Very bad manners, anyhow," said the Rector.

"Ah, but your Reverence, them rats is very large. That one I'm after abdicating, he'd very near be on an equality with two honest rats. And

some of them is very old ; the grey one—with the one eye and the bald tail——”

“Ah,” said the Rector, “I know him. Certainly his looks are not in his favour.”

“’Deed they are not,” said Bridget. “Your Reverence, my mother—and I’m an orphan twenty years—my mother was well acquainted with that rat. Yes, Pa’son, and her mother, that I wouldn’t remember at all ; and he bit her when she was a

day out—well, there is no harm in calling them rats.”

There was a short silence. That belief in rats turned into ghouls or something worse is hinted darkly—seldom openly expressed—in every Irish village. Twenty times over, in his pastoral visits, the Rector had tried to laugh it down. Somehow or other, he could not laugh at it then.

At length the Rector said, “They have been



BRIDGET BRINGS AN OFFERING.

girl. Pa’son, the finger *should* go. It swelled the same as if there was rising-flour in it. Your Reverence, I wouldn’t be aisy about them rats, if that’s the way to call them ; but sure your Reverence knows the death there was in the house, and the watch the folks should keep, two together, and hardly able to quell the teeming swarms at that, and the way the nod fell on the ould women, and they woke . . . too late . . . and from that

very numerous of late. A while ago the place was almost clear of them, and now——”

Bridget shivered, and glanced over her shoulder. “They scents trouble and follows it,” she said. “Ah, but God is good and strong. Would there be any objections to a small prayer?”

“Never any objection to that, Bridget, though we must not be superstitious. Come, we’ll say a prayer for all in trouble and all who are tempted.

Maybe, that will help both you and me, eh, Bridget?"

Gerard heard them kneel, and—not without an inward blush and a furtive glance around—he laid aside his pipe, and kneeled too. He was a man to whom prayer was a reality, but he was a little ashamed of the truth. I daresay he would rather have been surprised doing almost any unworthy thing than praying at an uncustomary time.

He turned his ear and hearkened. The words came to him indistinctly, but he knew what lay at the heart of them, and let his petition merge in that.

After a few minutes the two quaintly assorted friends rose from their knees. Bridget was crying, as softly as she could.

"Deed, Pa'son," she said brokenly, "I do be striving hard, but sometimes there rises up in me a craving that would draw a plough."

"Ah," said the Rector, "I know what that must be. Bridget, maybe I *have* known what it *is*. Listen to me now. When that comes on, make yourself a hot cup of cocoa. Eat something hot—pepper—here! take this ginger, you shall have more by-and-by. And, Bridget, pray; pray out aloud. There's help in the sound of your own voice."

"I shall, your Reverence. Indeed, at them times I does be praying out loud. But the longing would pick me up and carry me off, the same as a boatman at Kilkee when you wouldn't be for taking a row at all."

The Rector, with her hand in his, spoke to her long and intimately—comfortable words.

Then he asked her to promise that she would never drink again without *coming* and giving back the card into his own hands. After some protest Bridget made that promise.

Then the Rector said, speaking softly, almost to himself.

"That was a strange thing."

"What would it be, your Reverence?"

Gerard had quite forgotten that he ought not to listen. Bridget Heffernan seemed so entirely a humorous element that he hardly considered any saying or doing connected with her could have the seriousness of privacy. He had listened and gone on listening, and might perhaps now be surprising a secret. He felt this, yet he hearkened all the same.

"A minute ago, while we were kneeling, I felt a sort of mist gathering round me. Like breath that rises on a frosty day, it curled and coiled about me, only it seemed as if with every wreath a human spirit came. A little while it hung over my head, with a strange warmth and companionship. Then, in a white and glistering cloud it rolled right up to heaven."

"And what would it be, Pa'son?"

"Bridget, it was the breath of prayer. A great many people were praying, and all were praying for me, some by name, more only for one in great trouble."

Bridget's memory flew back to a Sunday evening in August, when, as she was told, the Rector had preached a wonderful sermon, and the prayers of the congregation had been desired for one in great distress of mind.

"Ah, Pa'son," she said, "was it yourself, then? I heard you was collecting prayers for some person, and I gave my mite once in a way—though, indeed, I didn't make much freedom with praying, not knowing if I'd be welcome."

"None so welcome, my poor soul. Well, Bridget, they went up, all the many prayers, mingling together, and brightening as they neared the sky. But there was one prayer which burst through all the others and mounted as though a dove or a strong lark were at the heart of it. A very jet of sunny prayer it was, and it shot sparkling into Heaven. I knew what it was—it was blind Johnny's prayer, and, bird or angel I cannot tell, but some bright power God sent to carry it to His throne. Bridget," continued the sensitive, imaginative man, "I think trouble is very near: far off I know it cannot be."

"God forbid! but the rats——" said Eridget; her voice dying in a scared whisper.

The Rector seemed hardly to hear. "Well," he said, "I shall not be afraid now. I think that vision of the prayers was sent to prepare me for what is to come. No, I am not afraid."

Glad as he was to hear those words, Gerard yet felt a bitter sense of shame. It seemed a terrible thing that the dear gentle Rector should be left so utterly alone in the midst of thronging fears and creeping weakness and the tip-toe feet of doom, that he should unburden his heart to that poor outcast.

"But, dear me!" the Rector said, after a short silence, "we have kept the present waiting all this time. Can it be a cat, Bridget?"

"Deed, then, it is," said Bridget, "and, saving your presence, a bachelor. He wouldn't be making no terms with them—rats, not if they were porpuses. He has great gifts, Pa'son, and he enjoyed great advantages."

Bridget did not explain the nature of those special boons of fate. I think, if truth were known, the fairy-woman under the bridge had bred black Thomas; at least had blessed, or sprinkled his handsome stripes.

"A cover shall be laid for him to-morrow, the beauty. He must abide on my left side, Bridget, because, in sex and seniority, Chutney takes precedence. Don't go, Bridget; we must accustom Thomas gradually to his new sphere, and—well, I feel a little lonely."

Gerard crept out of the house, sad and sore at heart.

CHAPTER XL.—"WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF HIS YOUNG LADY NOW?"

HE was angry and hurt. Hurt that the Rector, whom he loved and honoured more than any man in the world, should have excluded him from his confidence: and angry with Dania—angrier than he had thought he ever could be—that she had let her dreams so drift between her father's inward life and hers that the old man's lonely fear sent up to her daughter's-heart a cry too faint to be heard.

Had he not, many times over, by hints and even by plain words, endeavoured to make her see what to him had seemed only too sadly palpable—the

old man's bodily weakness and mental disquiet, and his disappointed need of sympathy ; and received only a snub for his pains ? Naturally as keen and quick of perception as woman well could be, she

He reached the gate and turned towards the village.

"I must talk to her to-night," he thought, "but not till I have got the sting of this out of my



AN APPARITION BY THE WAYSIDE.

had let all her feelings go into her ideal life, and had turned her blood into printer's ink.

"It is horrible," he said, as he led his mare from the stable, and jumped into the saddle ; "she would sit and write a sonnet on the water-lilies while her father or her husband or her child was drowning in the stream."

blood. Go on, mare." He touched her sides with the spurs.

The good people of Kildargle stared in amazement to see the agent flash from the avenue of beeches into the light of the street and out into the misty twilight beyond.

"Now, there !" said one gossip to another, as

the ring of the hoofs deadened and died, "I wouldn't have thought to see Mr. Gerard that way at all. Always such a quite man, and as pleased with a drink of milk as another man would be with nourishment."

"Well," said the other, "the Lord is good. 'Tis on a shutter he'll be making his next appearance."

As a modest little trap was within a score of yards of issuing upon the old road to Roscrea, Gerard's brown mare thundered across the misty mouth of the dwindling vista. The driver pulled her steep up hard and short, and made a sort of crouching movement as though to hide herself.

"Don't be afraid," said the man who sat beside her; "at this distance he is a harmless lunatic. Why, you are quite pale."

"Am I?" said Dania, driving on; "then I really don't know why. Dear me! I never saw her do that."

Daisy had made a sudden swerve half the breadth of the road, and was now, with tall ears, staring round, and breaking into a frightened canter.

"Why, what's that under the hedge?"

"Ah, wouldn't you know me?" said a musical, strange voice; "'tis the poor woman that you took shelter with a while since."

Then, coming up to the carriage, the little creature whispered in Dania's ear: "You have a right to be pale. I know who it is sitting with you there. Mind my words, the game's begun."

Dania had nothing to say in reply. Some shadowy dread, some dim prescience, of being taken in the toils of fate—the fate that our own actions twist and knot for our unconscious souls—had passed into her mind. To Standish's heroic attempts at conversation she made brief and abstracted replies.

The scattered gleam of the village lights came with a vivid sense of friendliness and of relief from vague yet penetrating fears.

There was a short delay outside the Imperial, while the landlord reluctantly handed in Verschoyle's bag and bouquet, and tendered his bill—cut off in its promising bud.

Three minutes later the little trap stopped at the Rectory door.

Having hastily introduced Standish to her father, explaining how he came to be their guest, Dania ran upstairs to make a rapid toilet.

Suddenly, with her hand upon the lace at her throat, she stopped short, and stood staring at the ring reflected in the glass.

The large central pearl had dropped from its setting.

Meanwhile Gerard, at some peril, it is to be feared, to the public as well as to his private neck, had pretty well succeeded in sweetening his mood.

"I think I can talk to her now," he thought, "poor little girl! She's a reasonable being enough, I'm sure, if one takes her the right way. Dear old Rector! Of course, to make a confidant of me would have been to complain of Dania. Well, please God, we'll understand one another to-night."

He reached his lodgings, and consigned the mare to his man.

"Give her a real good feed, Dan," he said; "and rub her well down, poor old girl."

"'Deed, then, your honour, she'd want it. Her sides is like the foam of the sea."

Gerard stepped into the hall, and his landlady came up from the kitchen.

"Telegram, Mr. Gerard," she said, "waiting on you this hour."

"Ah," he answered, "show me the candle, there's a dear old body;" and he opened the envelope with the ostentatious unconcern of the man familiar with tawny terrors.

Possibly the landlady—for they were friendly people at the post-office, and very far from reserved—was not quite a stranger to the tenor of the message. At any rate her gaze, fixed upon Gerard's face, was anxious and sympathetic.

Suddenly his whistle of jaunty indifference stopped short. The paper jumped in his hand.

"What!" he said, and he read out, in low jerky tones of tentative punctuation:

"Mother ill hope no immediate danger come to-night. Cassie."

"I have the bag partly packed," said Mrs. Dooley; "only the key——"

Gerard pulled out his watch. "There's a train at six-thirty," he said, "I shall do it."

He ran into the kitchen, and shouted to Dan, "I want the mare again. Quick, man! there's not a moment to lose."

Then, while the hoofs were clanking round: "Mother ill! God help us all if anything happens to her. There is not such another woman under heaven."

"Sup your tea," said Mrs. Dooley. "And the bag——"

"No time. Good-bye. Dan, run after me as hard as you can pelt. Now, mare."

They were off again, one loosened shoe breaking the clear ring of the hoofs.

"Poor fellow!" said kind Mrs. Dooley, as she turned into the house. "And who'll be taking care of his young lady now?"

CHAPTER XIII.—A WOUNDED HERO.

STANDISH had been an inmate of the Rectory a week. Never had he passed so good a time. Bridget Rectory made excellent savoury omelettes; had her hand been a little lighter with the thyme they would have been perfection. Perhaps, however, they were in their actuality sweeter and tender memories. They had that pathetic imperfection—that touch of insufficiency—that clings to every choicer loveliness; that saves pleasure from satiety.

Standish had never looked upon a sunset nor tasted a lobster salad of which he could not say, with a sigh, that had its spring in something more exquisite than either joy or pain, "Wanting is—what?" Jessica was never merry when she heard sweet music. Nor was Standish when he remembered a delicate little dinner.

Then the young man had been heroic and was

interesting. Somehow the story of the gallant rescue had crept into the papers.

"Pity me, my dear Miss Fitzmaurice," he said, on the second morning after his arrival, "here's a long and harrowing history of our little adventure. I, it appears, performed prodigies of valour—

"And Freedom shrieked when Standish Verschoyle fell."

It appears, also, that an eminent physician, on this occasion apparently acting surgically, put as many stitches into my head—I wonder what put them into the reporter's?—as would have darned the family hose for the winter. An indignant inquiry as to how much longer I am to be kept waiting for my Victoria Cross closes the report. Now who," said Standish, casting the paper, crackling, across the room—"who could have sent up that account? It wasn't you, Miss Fitzmaurice, I suppose?"

"No," said Dania; "but I share the sentiment and echo the indignant query."

"Only four persons," the Rector now observed, "assisted at the ceremony. The reporter was not my daughter. It must have been one of the two tramps."

Standish turned and stared at the speaker a little doubtfully. No, the old gentleman looked quite innocent.

Certainly Standish was having a good time. Even the dressing, twice a day, of his battered head, at the hands of Dania, was far from unpleasant. She had such wonderful fingers—so delicately light, so sensitively tender—there was an æsthetic gratification in the very surety of their butterfly touch. And most clearly and positively pleasant was it to see the least flitting twist of pain reflected in her mobile features. A supererogatory twitch or two passed over Standish's face, I fancy, for the delight of those fine reciprocities.

Very positively pleasant was it also from a sofa, wheeled up to a charming turf fire, to discourse—to an audience of one, seated upon a low stool and wearing an olive-green gown with a wide collar of old lace, that received one's words as pronouncements not to be gainsaid—of Shelley and Keats and Edgar Poe; and to describe the atmosphere and mouth the music and to show, with a wave of the hand, how it was all done.

Pleasant, too, it was to point out some little bit that satisfied ear and heart, and something that fell always with the surprise, the delight, the wonder of truth; something that made one fold one's arms and lie back, to isolate one sovereign moment of perception—and then to pass the book on to have the lines again with fresh contralto music lapt round their inner heart of melody.

"Which is your favourite line in all poetry?" Dania asked, midway in one of those talks wherein they rambled a-culling of sweet asphodels.

"Oh," said Standish, "that is asking too much. Who can say? There are a few lines beyond praise and beyond comparison—lines that are absolute. Wordsworth has most of them—lines that mean more than can ever be said, from whose depths each brings away as much as his heart can hold: lines that eat the soul with longing and rapture and most sovereign despair."

"Yes," said Dania:

"'Old far-off unhappy things.'"

And:

'Sole-sitting on the shores of old romance.'

And again:

'Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart.'

"Thank you," said Standish. "I think you have gathered the three most magical of all his single lines. But almost every line of 'The Cuckoo' is an aching rapture too. One's childhood is hidden away somewhere in its greenery: one feels that if one could break deep enough into its glimmering tangles one would find one's lost self, and live again those

'Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.'

"But Keats!" said Dania, "Keats!"

'Magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in færy lands forlorn'—

can anything surpass that music and glamour?"

"Ah," said Standish, "there are two lines there. We were speaking of single pearls. But Wordsworth's line is more tremendous:

'The light that never was on sea or land.'

There is less shine and dazzle, but the awe strikes deeper."

"Yes," said Dania, "I think that is so. But oh! how I love 'The Grecian Urn' and 'The Nightingale' and 'St. Agnes' Eve.' The very thought of Keats is ripe fruit in frozen days."

"Keats," said Standish, "satisfies the soul; Wordsworth fills it with sharp longing—the longing of the sunset's moment of consummation: of the last bars of a great chorus when all the silver strands of music are being woven into one."

"Ah, it is more exquisite than that," said Dania. "Tennyson has found words for the feeling:

'Tears from the depth of some divine despair.'"

"Yes, yes," said Standish, "and it is one of his great lines—one of *our* great lines."

"I think," said Dania musingly, with a lovely moonlight on her face, "if I were asked to quote my favourite line and a half, I should hardly hesitate:

'All our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.'"

"Strange," said Standish, "I never thought a woman would care profoundly for those lines, slow-pacing and inevitable as the foot of fate. But, do you know," he continued, with a quick change in his voice, as he let his gaze rest full upon her dream-lit face, "looking at you now, I think I can name my elect blossom from the fields of amaranth. It is Shelley's, and it describes a woman—

'Scarce visible for extreme loveliness.'"

Standish glanced at the girl in the manner of one who has said a telling but a daring thing.

But Dania was too much in earnest—too much honoured—seated there, tasting and judging ambrosia—to perceive the lapse from critical to personal appreciation. The compliment passed harmlessly by her.

"How lovely," she said. "What a revelation! There is a sort of swimming dazzle about supreme beauty."

Something in that would-be pictorial phrase sent her listener's memory hunting nose down, on the fresh scent of mischief.

Standish's face, a little while ago rapt and prophetic, now caught the gleam of a malevolent Puck.

"There is," he said, "one bit of recent work—ostensibly prose—worthy to link its loveliness with that most orient line."

"Oh, what?" said Dania.

"This," said Standish, and he intoned as though every word were a melting strawberry:

"That twink'd like salmon down the lush green deeps
Of wandering wanness."

"Oh," said Dania, with a long breath and a sigh of wondering delight. "Do you really think those lines so good?" She looked up into his face with large dim eyes.

"Yes," said Standish, "it is a little picture shut up in the heart of a dewdrop. It is a crystal turned into music."

"Oh, thank you," said Dania, "thank you so very much, because I know . . . you mean it."

His hand was lying outside the coverlet wherein he was carefully wrapped. She took it between her two hands and pressed it gratefully. Then she burst into tears.

Standish was left alone.

"It was too bad," he said to himself; "some imp of perversity carried me clean away. I really meant to administer a nicely coloured lady's dose of the truth. And now I'm committed for ever to fervid admiration of 'twink'd.' Poor girl! what eyes she has. I think I'll risk it to-morrow."

RECENT WORKING OF THE NORWEGIAN SYSTEM FOR THE SALE OF SPIRITS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS B. WILLSON, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE HANDY GUIDE TO NORWAY."

WHEN considering the difficult questions connected with the sale of intoxicating drink, it is only natural that we should look with interest upon the extensive reforms which have been carried out in recent years, by the nations most closely akin to ourselves on the other side of the North Sea.

The system popularly known as the Gottenburg, has been subjected to very searching, and, in places, to very hostile criticism, but opinion is in other directions strongly in favour of at least a modification of it receiving a trial in some part of this country. It was only the other day that Mr. Gladstone, in a letter addressed to the chairman of the National Temperance Congress in Chester, said, "I am of opinion that the method of sale for public account as it exists in various parts of Scandinavia presents great advantages." People who have travelled in those countries which have adopted the system, will, I imagine, agree with the right honourable gentleman.

It is not my intention to explain the theory of the Gottenburg system, which is familiar nowadays to most people, but rather to set before my readers some of the most recent results connected with the working of it in Norway, a country with which I have had a close acquaintance for over twenty-two years. The Norwegian system differs in one important particular from the Swedish, in that the proceeds of the sale, after the shareholders in Samlag (or company which manages the shops where spirits are sold) have received their 5 per cent., are devoted to charitable and philanthropic objects, and not to those which would ordinarily

come out of public rates. How far this distinction may hereafter be modified remains to be seen.

My experience of the working of the system has principally been confined to the city of Bergen, as I have had longer and more frequent opportunities of observing it there than in the other large towns. Bergen is a city of some 58,900 inhabitants, and affords, perhaps, a better example of the working of the law than other cities on account of the large number of foreigners visiting it in the summer, mostly coming from countries where restrictions on the sale of spirits are few and far between.

A very short time since, and for the purpose of this paper, I had an interview with one of the officials of the Bergen Samlag—Herr Johannes Lampe—who most kindly placed at my disposal the most recent statistics of the working of the Samlag, and gave me the benefit of his prolonged experience. In order further to see the actual working of the experiment, I visited five out of the ten establishments where the sale of drink "to be consumed on the premises" is carried on.

It will be best, perhaps, to explain briefly the manner in which the sale is worked. In January 1877, the *Bergens Samlag for Brændevinshandel* took over the sale of spirits in the town, and from that date they could only be procured through the medium of the company. Certain shops were established for the sale in bottles, and another class of shops for the sale of drams and toddy. The number of these places was fixed by the *Bergen Formandskab*, or Town Council, and the company cannot increase or reduce the number without the consent of the Council.

At present the number of shops in which spirits are sold for consumption on the premises, is fixed at the very moderate figure of ten; roughly speaking, about one for every 6,000 inhabitants. In addition to these, there are four shops where spirits in quantities of not less than one bottle are sold, but which must be taken away and not consumed there.

Up to October 1, 1895, the Samlag kept four other shops for the sale of wine and beer, but it was found that they did not pay, and so they were closed at the end of last September.

These different establishments are under a very strict code of rules with regard to the hours of opening and closing, which are rigidly observed. From April 1 to October 1 the shops are open from 8 A.M. until 12 (noon), and again from 1.30 P.M. to 8 P.M. From October 1 to April 1 the hours are 8 to 12 and 1.30 to 7 P.M. On every Saturday they close at 5 P.M., but from January 1, 1896, they will be closed at 1 P.M. on Saturdays.

On Sundays they are closed the whole day. In addition to Sunday closing, they are closed on such days as Christmas Eve and Easter Eve, and also on the day following the greater Church festivals, so that at Easter time they would be closed from the Thursday in holy week until Easter Tuesday.

In the shops where spirits in bottles are sold, they are not permitted to sell to anyone under fifteen years of age, and in the dram shops no one under eighteen years of age is allowed to be served. In the different establishments the rules connected with sale are hung up in a conspicuous place. Some of them are worthy of being quoted:

"Serving of spirits must only be in the company's glasses, and must be paid for immediately.

"Attendants must not serve spirits to anyone who looks to be under the influence of drink, or to anyone whom another glass would make intoxicated.

"Children are not admitted into the shops.

"Customers are forbidden to treat the attendants."

In order to show the working of the system, it will be well to give some of the statistics, partly taken from an interesting account of the Samlag written by the manager, Herr J. Irgens, and partly from figures supplied to me a short time since. I give first some of the earlier years after the establishment of the Samlag and then the last five years:

Year	Sales below 40 litre		Over 40 litre	Net profit	Refusals to serve	Arrests for drunkenness	Population
	Drams	Bottles					
1877	99,967	172,357	9,739	Kröner 101,722	—	1,013	41,600 (?)
1878	87,798	143,454	9,267	82,735	36,180	883	—
1879	71,447	137,722	5,582	88,300	25,530	820	—
1880	66,126	139,125	4,592	84,926	19,166	901	—
1890	84,077	197,336	1,474	131,459	13,299	1,122	53,686
1891	91,891	221,672	1,389	159,303	13,200	1,047	—
1892	95,965	236,860	1,298	163,159	13,819	690	—
1893	92,830	244,600	1,055	164,680	17,995	815	—
1894	86,952	234,227	540	170,076	12,641	948	58,900

The above figures will be useful as illustrating the way in which the operations of the Samlag have

affected the consumption of spirits in the town. It will be noted that the sale of drams fell in the first four years from 99,967 to 66,126, and the sale in bottles from 172,357 to 139,126. The refusals to serve persons under the influence of drink is very remarkable. The first year of the Samlag's existence no record was kept of this, but in 1878, there were no less than 36,180 refusals, while in 1880 the number had fallen to 19,166, and last year to 12,641.

I have given the figures at the beginning of the company's existence and then those for the last few years, but the reader must bear in mind, when considering the large increase in the sale of spirits in bottles, several very important facts: first, the very large increase in the population of the town—large, that is, for Norway—amounting to very nearly 17,000; and, secondly, the very remarkable change which has taken place in Norway between 1880 and 1894. Previous to 1880, indeed I might say to 1884, the tourist traffic in Norway was of very insignificant dimensions, probably not 5 per cent. of the present number. For one steamer which plied from England to the west of Norway in 1880, there are probably ten in 1895, and this will more than account for the large increase, especially in the sale in bottles, the reason of this being that many travellers, knowing that spirits cannot be obtained in the country parts, purchase them in Bergen before leaving the city. Another cause is the now frequent visits of foreign fleets to Bergen—English, German, French, and Russian; and if a couple of thousand bluejackets and marines of any nation are turned ashore, it is not unlikely that the sale of drams will rise very considerably.

A third cause will be found in the increased facilities afforded for the inhabitants of the surrounding districts to reach Bergen. The sailings of the Fjord steamers have been probably trebled between 1877 and 1894, and so a much larger number of Norwegian peasants come to the town than in former years, and, as they have reaped very large profits from the tourist traffic, they have more money to spend when in Bergen. In Herr J. Irgens's statement, which I have mentioned before, he estimates that at least a quarter of the quantity sold goes to the inhabitants of the country around Bergen and to strangers visiting the town.

The advocates of the Samlag system admit, of course, as all sensible people will do, that the existence of their system cannot prevent or abolish drunkenness. It is not to be expected that it would do so; but I think it may very fairly be claimed that it, at any rate, makes drunkenness a much more difficult thing than it is in this country. If a man is known to be a drunkard, the managers of the different Samlag shops are forbidden by the police to serve him, and an absolute and invariable rule that no credit whatever is given, helps to keep in check those who are inclined to waste their money in drink.

The arrests for drunkenness by the police were, in 1876, 1,186, and in 1880, when the population had increased by more than 10,000, the arrests in the year only reached 901, and out of that number

184 were not residents in the town. In 1893, with a population estimated at 58,000, the arrests were 815, and in last year (1894), 948.

In my own experience of Bergen I have rarely seen anyone under the influence of drink, and have never once in a great many years seen a person actually in the condition which is, alas! an everyday one in the working-class districts of large English towns—drunk and incapable.

In order to see how the traffic was actually conducted I visited several of the places in which drams are sold. We know that in England the contrast between the brightness and comfort of the gin-palace and the homes of many of the poor, often leads men to spend their evenings in such places instead of at home. But it is difficult to imagine that the Norwegian workman would find the shops of the Samlag places to linger in, with perhaps one exception. I was first shown one of the places where beer, but not spirits, was sold by the glass. These shops are, as I said, now closed. A more miserable or cheerless place it would be hardly possible to imagine, and the workman would be very hard up for a place of resort who would spend any time there. The dram shops are rooms entirely devoid of ornament, with a bar, behind which the manager stands; glasses are placed on this bar, but no seats of any kind are provided, and, as soon as the drink is consumed, the person served has to leave the shop. Not more than two glasses are allowed to be served to any customer. It is, of course, possible for a man to visit one dram shop after another, and if he could take it, without being under the influence of drink, to obtain say twenty glasses of spirits, but it is extremely unlikely that after his second or third visit to one of the shops he would be served with any more. Another class of shop is that where toddy is sold, where tables and seats are provided for the customers; but, as the spirits are mixed with water, it is, I suppose, considered safe to allow the consumers to sit down and to converse with their friends. So much for the "public houses" in one of the largest towns in Norway, and one in which, on account of the large number of foreign steamers, etc., one might perhaps expect to find a disorderly element; but this seems to be, happily (except in a few cases), non-existent.

The fines levied for drunkenness are pretty severe. I saw not long since in one of the Bergen papers the report of a man brought before the magistrates for being drunk and disorderly. At home he would probably have been fined a few shillings. In Bergen the fine was Kr. 50, very nearly £3, which in Norway, taking wages, etc., into account, would be very nearly equal to a £5 fine in England. This seems about the usual sum for such cases, and resistance to the police is very severely dealt with.

The profits earned by the Bergen Samlag are very considerable, after paying the 5 per cent. to the shareholders. This may seem to be a very high rate of interest, but it must be borne in mind that when the Samlag was started, six per cent. was the usual interest in Bergen, so that those who subscribed the original capital, which

amounted to Kr. 80,000, were actuated more or less by philanthropic motives.

After this interest has been paid, the rest of the profits are devoted to useful objects. To give a list of these would occupy several pages, but a few of them will be interesting. Since 1878 and to the end of 1893, the Samlag has contributed a sum of no less than Kr. 1,785,228 to various objects. In 1893 (the last year for which figures have been published) Kr. 163,781 were distributed. Among the objects assisted in that year were the Bergen Museum, the Bergen Tree-planting Society, the Bergen Boys' Home, the Magdalen Home, the Bergen New Total Abstinence Society, the Home Missions Society, Bergen Public Library, the Deaconesses' Home, the Seamen's Home, the Good Templars, the Slöyd School, the Industrial Museum, the Permanent Exhibition in Bergen, various asylums, training ships, etc., etc., have benefited in their turn. In all no less than sixty different institutions received very substantial grants in the year 1893.

A very important change, however, is about to be made in the apportionment of the profits of the Samlag. The people in the districts around Bergen, who contribute in no unimportant degree to these profits, have complained, not perhaps without some fair show of reason, that the profits are spent principally, if not altogether, for the benefit of the city of Bergen, and legislative measures have been taken to divert a large portion of the profits of the Samlag to outside objects.

A measure of partial disendowment will begin to operate after January 1, 1897, and the State will take 65 per cent. of the profits (after the shareholders have received their 5 per cent.), the city of Bergen will receive 15 per cent., and the Samlag will have 20 per cent. left to be disposed of as they think fit.

It was felt, however, that it would be hardly fair to the various charitable societies assisted by the Samlag, if the substantial aid given was to be removed at once. The 65 per cent. is therefore to be removed gradually: in the first year 25 per cent. is to be taken, in the second 35, in the third 45, in the fourth 55, and in the sixth 65 per cent. When that time arrives only 20 per cent. of the profit will remain to be disposed of by the Samlag. It is hard to say what the various institutions will do when this help is removed, but it is to be hoped that the public spirit of the town will be sufficient to supply the deficit. So much, then, for the *Bergens Samlag for Brændevinshandel*, its manner of working, and the distribution of its profits.

A very remarkable change, however, seems now not unlikely to take place in the whole question of the trade in spirits, not merely in Bergen but throughout the entire country. In the Act which passed the Storting in 1894, under which 65 per cent. of the net profits were to be taken by the State, a paragraph was inserted which made it necessary that "before the recognition of the scheme of a company takes place . . . it shall be decided by a general vote, in which the men and women over twenty-five years of age have a right to take part, whether the establishment or continued working of a company for the sale and retail of

spirits shall be permitted within the limits of a town. A company cannot be established, or obtain a renewed recognition of its established scheme, if the majority of those entitled to vote are against it. If a company is by such a vote abolished, a majority of those qualified to vote in the matter is required in order that the company shall be re-opened."¹

This very drastic measure of local option will not improbably lead to most momentous results in a very few years. The extension of the vote to women is an important step, but it seems only fair that those who, perhaps, suffer most from the evil consequences of drunkenness, should be allowed to have a voice in the matter. Married women are permitted to vote as well as the unmarried, the only qualification being that all women who wish to vote must declare themselves to have reached the age of twenty-five years. A vote when taken holds good for five years, and the question cannot be re-opened until that period has elapsed.

Already the law has begun to operate, and votes have been taken in several towns on the question of the continued existence of the Samlag. Already Gjøvik, Skien, Grimstad, Arendal, and Aalesund have decided to suppress the Samlags. Of the towns which have suppressed the Samlags by a popular vote, the most important is Skien, a port on the Skien river, which flows from the Nordsjø, one of the great Telemarken lakes. It has a population of 8,979. Aalesund is a well-known seaport with 8,415 inhabitants. Arendal, though smaller, is a thriving seaport with 4,578 inhabitants. Grimstad has 3,173, but Gjøvik is little more than a village, having only 1,416. It is on the Mjösen lake almost in central Norway.

In Bergen the question has not yet come to a vote, but one will be taken in the course of 1896. What the result of this will be it is rather difficult to predict. Even the most advanced teetotallers are obliged to admit that the system has done much to check drunkenness, and everyone knows the great aid which has been given to philanthropic objects by means of it. It must be remembered, however, that this law only refers to the sale of spirits. Beer and wine are under a different regulation, and the sale of them will go on just as before.

The danger to be apprehended is that the suppression of the sale of spirits, conducted under very strict supervision, may lead to the much more injurious habit of illicit drinking; but it is, of course, too soon to say whether this is a fancied or a real danger. A friend, writing to me from Bergen a few days since with reference to this, says: "The sale of spirits can never be entirely abolished in a country or a town, and it is best to have it controlled by a public institution like a Samlag after the Gottenburg system." This is the opinion of a man who knows well the facts of the case, and its bearing on his own country, and it is one with which I must confess I am in substantial agreement.

Whatever may be the result of the new law,

¹ For this extract from the Act, I adopt the translation given in Mr. Malins's article, "Observations on the Gottenburg System."

English people will watch with no small interest the experiment which is being made across the North Sea, and it will probably be of great value when the time comes, as it soon must, for the settlement of like questions among ourselves.

POSTSCRIPT.

December 1, 1895.

Since writing the above I have heard some particulars respecting the suppression of the Samlag in Skien. It was abolished by a vote taken on November 20, principally by the women's vote. Great efforts were made to secure the attendance of voters. One woman, whose husband died only the same morning, in the neighbouring town of Brevig, was brought up in order to vote. My correspondent, who is a man occupying a high official position in the town, writes: "The question is, Will the result be better when the Samlag has been voted down? The Samlag is under strict control in this town, which is one of the largest manufacturing places in Norway. In spite of the large number of labourers, you seldom see a drunken person. . . . I am of opinion that the institution of the Samlag, with its control, is much better than the selling of spirits, which cannot be controlled, and which certainly will come; people will have it, and in spite of all restrictions."

I have made inquiries about the persons employed by the Samlags who will lose their places and occupations, and learn that they will probably receive one year's wages if the shareholders approve. The capital invested in the Samlags by shareholders will be repaid to them with the exact amount of their shares. The reserve fund (which at Skien amounted to 40,000 kroner) will probably be given to some local object.

A Song.

SING a song of May when the buds are turned to flowers,
And long sunshine lights the hours,
A song of May—
Let us forget December's frosts and chills
In dreams where gorse makes golden all the hills.

Sing a song of youth when the heart is flowering too,
And sees all things born anew;
A song of youth—
O! not of disappointments—friends unkind,—
Sing me, who leave the golden age behind.

Sing a song of love, which alone blooms all the year
Under clouded skies or clear—
A song of love.
Vainly the winters pitilessly roll—
All is made new again, when soul meets soul.

NORAH MCCORMICK.

OLD NEW ENGLAND.

II.



A LITTLE "RED SCHOOL-HOUSE."

NEW ENGLAND towns enjoy large powers of local government. Each elects its representatives to the State Legislature, but from the State House there is little interference with the routine of local government. There is no Local Government Board, as there is in England, to oversee the administration of the poor laws and the municipal codes, and no Education Department to concern itself with the schools. Each community practically sets its own standard as to education. All that the State law requires is that the school shall be kept open a certain number of days in the year. The term is much shorter than in England, as the school-houses are closed for at least three months in the summer. These long summer holidays are a feature of New England life. They date back to the times when every family was engaged on the land, and when at harvest every member, young and old, was required for the summer work of the farm.

In rural New England school-teaching is in the hands of women. Men sometimes undertake it, but it is not looked upon as a career for men. Those who are in it are generally hoping to get out of it as soon as they have read sufficient law to pass an easy examination for the Bar, or have accumulated sufficient money to give them a start in some other work. It often happens that a

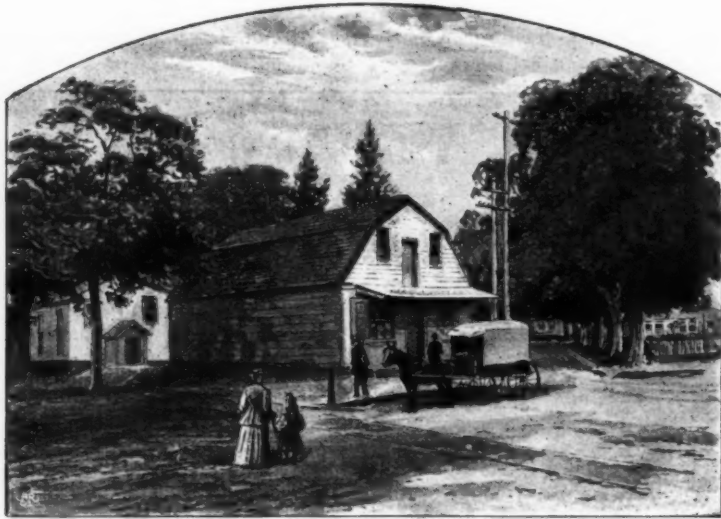
young man who has completed his college course turns to school-teaching because he must earn money at once and no other work offers. A large proportion of the men engaged in law, in medicine, or in journalism in the New England cities have at some time or other taken a turn at school-teaching.

Some of the school-houses in the thinly populated districts are no larger than a signalman's cabin at an English railway-station, and many a New England school-teacher goes day after day to meet less than a dozen scholars. These little school-houses in years gone by were more common than nowadays. In the more stirring of the rural communities the modern plan is to establish a good and well-staffed school at a central place in the village, and, instead of having three or four schools on the outskirts, each with its teacher, the children from the outskirts are carried to and from the central school in waggons in summer, and in sleighs when the snow is on the ground.

In Tunxis the passing up and down of the school waggon, with its load of noisy children, is one of the events of the day. The school waggon disappears from the streets at the end of June, about the time when the students at the more famous Tunxis school disperse to their homes, or join the stream of summer travel to Europe; and

when both schools are closed Tunxis is quiet indeed, and its tree-shaded main street in the long hot summer afternoons of July and August is almost as still as when it formed part of the unbroken mountain side.

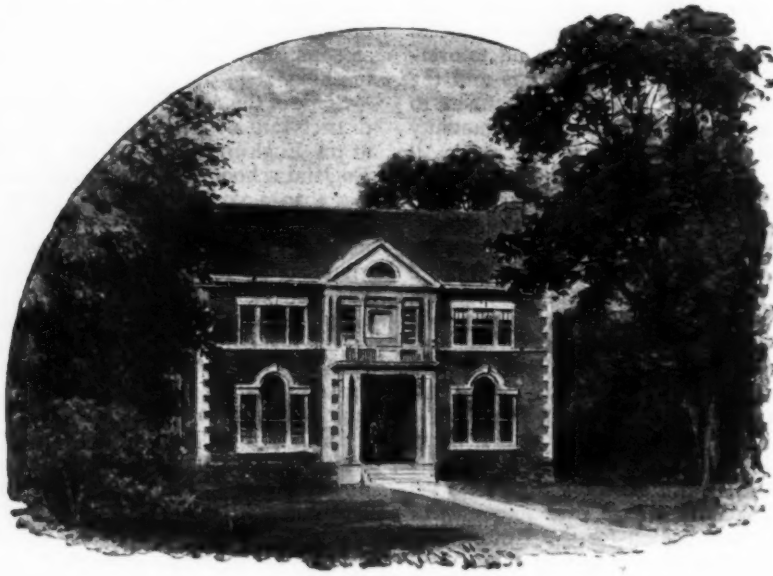
Twice a day in Tunxis there is a procession for the mail. At half-past nine in the morning and again at half-past five in the evening the old stage coach which runs between the post-office and the railway-station out on the meadows rumbles along



POST-OFFICE AND GENERAL STORE.

The most important institution in the everyday life of a New England country town is the post-office. In England we have nothing which quite corresponds to it. It owes its unique position to the fact that in America a town must have at least ten or twelve thousand inhabitants before the postal department at Washington will sanction the cost of a free delivery service. In all towns of a smaller size letters are fetched from the post-office.

the street, and almost before the dust it raises has settled—long before the postmaster has sorted the contents of the mail bags—people are on their way to the post-office to obtain what New Englanders always describe as their mail. To some of the homes in Tunxis hardly a letter a week is directed. But the number of letters expected is a matter of no account. Some time or other during the day some member of every



THE VILLAGE LIBRARY.

family in town makes a journey to the post-office. The favourite time with the farming and labouring people is between six and eight o'clock in the evening. During these hours the postmaster's store is usually thronged with the men folk of the town, to whom the store answers all the purposes of a club. Politics, crop reports, and market prices are discussed; gossip and stories are retailed; and usually the club remains in session until the postmaster announces at nine o'clock that it is closing time, when all go home to bed. Half-an-hour later scarcely a light is to be seen in the homes along the street.

Every now and again the idea is mooted in the city newspapers that the Federal Government ought to be a little more generous to the small towns, and give them free postal delivery. If a proposal of this kind were put to the vote in Tunxis it would almost certainly be defeated. No one regards it as anything of a hardship to have to make the journey to the post-office, and if a free delivery were established the evening leisure of many of the working people in the village would lose half its charm, and scores of farmers' families would be bereft of an excuse for the occasional jaunts from home which now serve to break the monotony of their daily round of work, and bring them into contact with a life a little broader than their own.

In most of the New England towns, no matter how small, it is usual to find a public library. In this respect New England villages are better off than most of the villages in rural England. Under the laws of the State it is possible for even the smallest community to organise a library, and levy a small charge upon property for its maintenance. In addition to funds so obtained, grants for the purchase of books are made by the State Public Library Committee, and the members of this committee, who serve without pay, are always ready to help the custodians of the small libraries in matters of literary organisation and management.

Some of the prettiest buildings in the New England towns are those set apart for the public libraries. A large number of them are memorial buildings. Tunxis has had its library for a century or more. It is housed in the most beautiful room in town. It is open on Saturday afternoons and evenings, and forms a social centre for both the older and the younger members of the community. On its shelves are numerous evidences of the close literary connection which has always existed between Old England and New England. The older volumes are distinguished by a book-plate of the early Federal period which, by reason of its quaintness, is now much sought by book-plate collectors.

The isolation of farm-life in the hill country of New England is perhaps its greatest drawback in the eyes of those who are engaged in it. It is a life of much independence, but it is one to which New Englanders take less and less. The movement into the towns and cities is always going on, and all over the country farms are passing from the

hands of the native Americans into those of newcomers from Germany, from Sweden, and from Ireland. During the last three or four years, however, a movement has been going on which may in time stay somewhat this rush from the country to the towns. The little hill-country villages are gradually being connected by a network of electric railways; and by these railways villages are not only connected with each other, but brought into cheap and frequent communication with the large cities. All these electric railways are constructed along the highways. They are worked by overhead wires, along which the electric current is carried from central stations and distributed over a country fifteen or twenty miles in extent. The apparatus for working the railways, the great clumsy posts,



and the wires strung across and along the beautiful country roads are unsightly; but these trolley roads, as they are called, can be worked at small cost, and they are now giving all the advantages of a cheap railway service to communities which are not large enough to maintain an ordinary railway system.

Only two men are needed to work the electric cars, the motor man and the conductor, who collects the fares. No stations are built, and the electric railway companies are at no expense for signalmen or gatemen. The roads are single tracks, with here and there a loop at which the cars pass each other.

Tunxis is only nine miles from the State capital,

but to reach it a journey on the old coach and a change of trains were necessary, and only two trains a day were available. Now, however, the trolley has done what the railways failed to do. It has pushed itself into Tunxis; and instead of two trains a day there are three cars every hour on the trolley road, and people are carried to and from the State capital for one-third of what it cost by the old route. The wires and the poles attendant upon the trolley now mar the charm of many a picturesque stretch on the road over Talcott Mountain between Tunxis and Hartford, but, with this drawback, it must be admitted that the coming of the trolley has brought with it many great advantages to Tunxis, and must bring still more to people in the more sparsely populated hill-country districts.

If people in England could once make up their minds to the unsightliness of the trolley, the trolley is capable of doing as much for rural England as it is now doing for New England, and would help in the solution of some of the industrial and social problems which are the vexation of rural life in the old country and in the new. In New England the advent of the trolley has put new heart into scores of families domiciled on remote country hillside farms, whose former isolation had been a weariness and a burden. Abandoned farms are not as numerous as might be supposed from their frequent mention in the newspapers. There are some; but they will grow fewer and harder to find as this new means of locomotion becomes more general, and brings with it the advantages of suburban life to places fifteen or twenty miles from the city.

Old New England towns like Tunxis offer some advantages to the day labourer. Wages are much higher than for the same class of work in rural England. They are seldom less than a dollar and a half a day, and the labouring men in Tunxis never lack work. Strangers seeking work, when they do come, come only one or two at a time, and they are soon at work and absorbed in the community. There never seems any surplus labour winter or summer. Last summer Tunxis treated itself to a main sewer. Not a single Tunxis man worked on the job. It was left exclusively to Italians, of whom about one hundred and fifty were camped in town all the summer. For Tunxis, whose normal population is considerably below a thousand, this was a large immigration. But it occasioned no commotion. The Italians were hard at work all day. In the evening and on Sundays they were camped in an old grist mill; and they are as a class so frugal and abstemious that the solitary beer saloon in Tunxis was not a dollar better off for their presence.

Since the Chinese were excluded, ten or twelve years ago, all the navy work in America has been gradually falling into the hands of the Italians. They are now building the railways and digging the sewers wherever any of this work is going forward in New England, and no race of day labourers is more loyal to work than they. All engineering undertakings have to be carried out between May and October. When once the long hard winter commences no outdoor work of this kind is possible. It has all to be pushed forward

during the summer months, when, in June, July, and August the mercury is usually in the nineties. Under English conditions the English navy is unequalled. Under American conditions the Italian navy seems to have no rival. The native American labourer has long ago abandoned competition with him, and of recent years even the day labourers new from Ireland have given place to Italians.

There is fully as much demand for women's work as for men's work in Tunxis. In fact, the supply never seems quite equal to the demand. Women never work in the fields as they do in England. Their time is fully taken up with laundry work and help in the homes. The rate of pay for women is ten cents an hour, or a dollar a day with meals. Washing done at home is particularly well paid. A capable woman can earn from eight to ten dollars a week. The wages of domestic servants in New England towns are much lower than in the large cities of America. They average three dollars a week. A new comer fresh from Germany or Sweden, who knows nothing of the English language or of American ways, easily gets two or two and a half dollars a week, and moves on to a three-dollar-a-week place as soon as she begins to be useful.

In one respect New England labourers are not quite so well off as labourers in small towns in England. There is no Saturday half-holiday. Work continues on Saturday until as late an hour as on other days. But in this matter the labourer in the rural districts is no worse off than the artisans and labourers in the cities. The Saturday half-holiday is a new institution in America. It is only partially established in a few of the large cities like New York and Boston. As regards working conditions, regulated by law and custom, American workpeople are much worse off than those of England. English labour laws are being adopted in many States; but their enactment proceeds at a slow rate. Until within the last ten years even a great manufacturing State like Massachusetts was practically without any factory laws, and, as concerns legal regulations of child-labour, New England stood where England did three-quarters of a century ago.

It took an agitation extending over thirty years to effect a reduction of the hours of labour in the cotton-mills to ten, and to get other statutory safeguards to child-labour at all approximating to those which have existed in England since the thirties. Until a few years ago truck stores and monthly pay-days, with the attendant demoralisation, were common at the mills and factories over the mountain at Sheffield and across the Tunxis valley at Milltown. These remnants of the struggling days of New England manufacturing have now been swept away by enactments of the State legislature. Other laws, intended like these for the protection of workpeople, have also been adopted, but they are not administered with anything like the energy and uniformity which characterise the administration of the factory laws in England.

New England workpeople, as concerns general holidays, are about as well off as those of England. Christmas Day and Thanksgiving Day, at the end of November, are the only church festivals which are

kept as holidays. New Year's Day is, of course, a holiday ; but the other holidays are in commemoration of events in American history. Decoration Day is one of these ; the Fourth of July is another. Early in November every year the town, State, and Federal elections are held, and Election Day is a national legal holiday.

Decoration Day dates from the War of the Rebellion, and is set apart for the decoration of the graves of the soldiers who fought in the war. It comes at the end of May, when flowers and foliage are at their best, and before the hot days of June have deprived them of their freshness. It is an old soldiers' anniversary, and with the members of the Grand Army of the Republic it is the great holiday of the year. There is hardly a graveyard in New England in which there are not the remains of a number of soldiers who came home from the war to die, or monuments to the men who died on the battlefields of the South, and were buried where they fell. On Decoration Day the veterans meet at the local posts of the Grand Army, and, attired in the blue uniform of the Army of the North, march to the graveyards to decorate the graves of their dead comrades. Flowers and small United States flags are placed on each mound. The flags usually remain until Decoration Day comes round again, when the Stars and Stripes of last year are replaced by new ones. In most of the graveyards there are handsome monuments to the memory of the dead soldiers of the war. In some of the newer library buildings in the larger towns the name of every man from the locality who went to the war is set out in bronze on tablets in the walls, and in many places grants are made from the town funds to defray the cost incident to the due and ceremonious observance of Decoration Day.

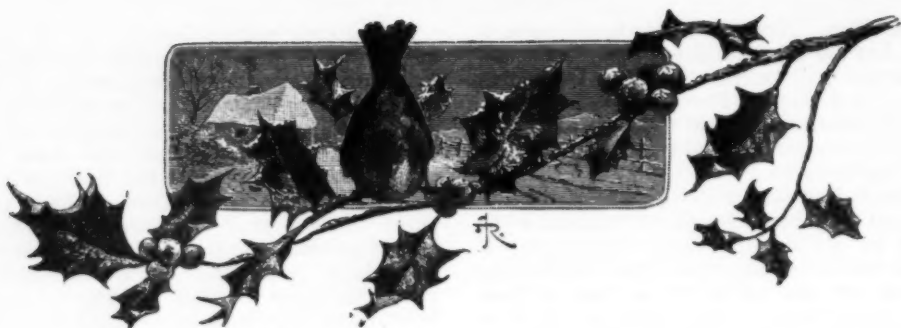
In the early years following the war, when its memories were fresh in the minds of all the people, much more interest was taken in Decoration Day than nowadays. Since the war an entirely new generation has come on the scene, and hundreds of thousands of immigrants have come to the country, to whom the day has little significance. As long, however, as the Grand Army of the Republic endures—and its existence is necessarily limited by time—the graves of the soldiers will not go neglected ; and when the Grand Army is no more Decoration Day will probably continue as a holiday and as a landmark in national history like the Fourth of July.

There is not nearly as much zest about the observance of the Fourth of July as there was half a century ago. The fire-cracker still survives, but only in comparatively few places are the parades and the Fourth of July orations the institutions they once were. Tunxis still keeps the Fourth, but then Tunxis is still typical of the old New England, and prides itself on the fact. Its people still point out the tree planted in the main street to commemorate Yorktown, and in its old graveyard, where lie the remains of its settlers of 1640, commemorated in the quaintest inscriptions, there is still a stone turned the wrong way about to the memory of a Tory of Tunxis of the Revolutionary period. Other Tories, when the Revolution was at an end, quickly made their way to England, or to Canada, some of them to obtain pensions. But the Tory of Tunxis braved it out, and evidently had a sorry time ; for by his own request there was lettered on his tombstone the statement that he had at last gone beyond the reach of persecution.

EDWARD PORRITT.



OX-CART.



THE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

"A little robin sweetly singing
Came to my window on a Christmas day,
And from his little throat came ringing
A most melodious lay."

FROM times remote certain birds have been associated with certain seasons. Thus, the cuckoo with spring, the kingfisher with halcyon days of summer, the missel-thrush with the equinoctial gales of autumn, the robin with Christmas.

It is not difficult to find in some natural habit a reason for the relation in each case. Cuckoo, herald of spring; halcyon, image of gorgeous summer-time; storm-cock, songster of the winds; robin, carol-singer of Yuletide,—each one is in itself the author of tradition.

Legends also have grown up around the poetic lives of the birds which connect them with particular days and months, fancies which have weaved in the thread of some transient emotion, or forgotten discourse, or passing idea, with the story, always wonderful, always myth-like, of one of the frail creatures that are here to-day, but to-morrow may have gone to the uttermost ends of the earth; that can sing the green fields and running streams, rustling leaves and quiet groves, into hearts that else might quite forget such simple joys. Birds that sing and fly, desultory troubadours, wandering minstrels—who else so suitable to bear from age to age those imperfect yet beautiful imaginings of early song and story, fugitive flights of thought, snatches of song? When the thoughts of men have been too vague to permit of being told in the stern prose of facts, fancy has often chosen some bird to be the central figure round which to group poetic myths; the folklore of birds has always been peculiarly rich.

The legend which has probably done the most to instal the robin as the Christmas bird is of too sacred a character to be placed lightly among more trivial stories. It is said that the little bird stained its breast in trying to draw the nails from the holy cross. Such a story doubtless grew up in a spirit of perfect reverence; possibly it was first used as an illustration by some devout teachers of the early church, just as parables are drawn from natural

objects; and figurative language abounds in the Scriptures.

But we need not go to legendary lore for evidence; many features in the everyday life of robin redbreast proclaim it the singer of carols, the bird who bids us a merry Christmas.

It is the chief among the few birds that sing in December. Be the weather what it may, its cheerful voice is heard from the leafless trees in the garden, from the bare hedgerow where it loves to perch on a swaying bramble, or from the edge of the woods. Winter songsters find it difficult to gain that deep seclusion which some birds seek when they sing. The shy wren and the hedgesparrow, who also have an autumn song which they strike up with the robin after moulting, like to warble softly from the centre of a thick hedge or thicket, and even in winter they contrive to hide in their modest brown attire among interlacings of twig and briar. Not so the robin. There is no modesty in his nature. Perched on the outermost branch, the barest bough, his red breast feathers are vaunted while his little throat swells with exultation, and whoever will may stare at him while he sings. It has often been remarked by those who watch birds that in order to gain their confidence you must at least pretend that you are not looking at them. Look up at the sky or down at the ground, or away to some distant view, or at least pretend to be on other things intent, if you would study the ways of a bird you have been so fortunate as to approach. Any bird, that is, except the robin. Such strategy is quite needless in his case. The robin seems to run counter to all the prejudices of birds on this point, and to place full confidence in man.

The stories of its tame and fearless habits are legion. I knew one that waited near a door every morning until the master of the house appeared, then it would accompany him in his round about his garden. It perched close to him while some rough dogs were unchained, whose morning greeting as they barked and bounded with delight was enough to frighten any bird. It followed to the poultry-yard and took its share of good things in the midst of a scuffling crowd, each individual of which must have been as a giant to the wee thing,

and even ventured to flap its tiny wings in the face of a monster cock who tried to oust it from the feast. Truly a bold spirit has this tiny bird.

I knew a pair of robins, also, whose nest, containing newly hatched young ones, was taken by two children and kept in a room. The parent birds found out where they had been placed, and continued to tend and feed them until they were fledged. This, too, was a brave action, worthy of those storks who faced peril by fire in the burning of Delft rather than forsake their young, for birds know to their cost that little human children are not to be trusted to rear fledglings.

It is sometimes quoted as another proof of the robin's tameness that it has often been known to come to the window and knock as if to ask for admittance to the house. This is a habit which it shares with the wagtails, and other brightly coloured species, and I would rather attribute its origin to the fact that such birds see themselves reflected in glass, and are attracted by the sight of their own bright colours. We have found our peacocks show undisguised pleasure in seeing themselves in a mirror.

It is a strange feature that the bird that is the most friendly of all wild creatures to us should be the most pugnacious to its own kith and kin. "Two robins cannot occupy the same space" is all the robin knows of practical physics, and one of its chief aims in life seems to be to demonstrate this fact. It carries its efforts to prove this rule to extremes; *reductio ad absurdum*—two robins cannot occupy the same grass plot, two robins cannot occupy the same bush, two robins cannot occupy the same bailliewick; this is made obvious by the desperate encounters that ensue if one trespass on another's domain. It is in winter that we see these deadly struggles. In the summer the beautiful arts of peace occupy all bird energies, and the sweet joys of home efface, for the time being, the warlike passions even of robins. But in winter battles royal are of constant occurrence, and it is not rare to find the bleeding remains of the vanquished on the ground, while the victor sings a song of triumph from the branches overhead. Robin redbreast lives at enmity not only with its own but with all bird kind. There was a rowan-tree near my window that was a favourite haunt of birds even when its rich feast of berries was exhausted. I have often watched while starlings piped on the topmost branches, a thrush perched below, a pair of blue tits crept round about the branches, and even sparrows came and went without disturbing the peace; but let a robin appear and these all took flight, knowing full well its unneighbourly character. This, indeed, is not the Christmas spirit of peace and goodwill; nevertheless, the robin holds its proud place still. It is easier to sing carols than to live in love and charity, to be gentle and sweet-tempered—passing fine these virtues and most precious.

Some have thought that the winter song of robins is often prompted by a fit of temper. Any emotion will make some birds sing—love, anger, even fright, but the winter song of any is never equal to the outpourings of love in spring.

It is not only because the robin sings at

Christmas time that it holds the post of honour. Anyone who lives in the country may observe how many more robins appear as winter draws near, except in the extreme north. They come like the holly-berries, rosy and abundant. It is true a certain number may always be seen at any season, they are never scarce or rare in England; but in cold weather they multiply as if by magic, and seem to people the groves. This is a good example of those two phases of migration that are shown in the lives of many species that yet do not, strictly speaking, come under the title of migratory birds. In the first place, it shows the increase over the whole country in the numbers of a bird that is resident with us, and yet is joined by large numbers of its own kind from colder countries who, by force of circumstances, are driven to migrate. In this way also thrushes, blackbirds, starlings, larks, rooks, tits, and wrens become more abundant here in winter.

In the second place, it exemplifies those most interesting wanderings which resident birds, like gipsies, indulge in almost continually. In winter, bleak and exposed situations are deserted, high hills and wind-swept moors are shunned, and the birds congregate in more sheltered spots. There is a most complicated system of travels organised for each season by the birds who pose as stationary species. A system not so regular and undeviating as that which governs the movements of foreign travel, yet also controlled by the imperative conditions of food supply and weather. The movements of these desultory journeys are most obvious in the West Country, whither the birds troop in large flocks whenever the weather is especially inclement, departing again when it changes for the better; but in any exposed district, in every sheltered nook, the habit may be noted, especially among redbreasts.

It is well for the robin's reputation that it is able to preserve throughout the year the bright hues of the feathers that have suggested its familiar name. At Christmas time, when even those who are sad at heart, crushed by deep sorrow, or weighed down by anxiety, strive to keep up the blessed traditions of cheerful hospitality and genial goodwill, music to swell the hymn of praise, and bright colours to enliven the dreary scenes of winter, are eagerly welcomed. Many birds that wear gay feathers in spring have altogether lost them by Christmas time. The chaffinch no longer wears a blue cap, the pink breast of the bullfinch has paled, the chats and redstarts and even the tits are less gay than usual, the starlings and thrushes look quite dull, and larks wobegone. The robin, like these, moults but once a year, in the autumn. There are but one or two single-moulted birds that change their plumage in the spring. Shrikes and swallows are almost alone in this custom, and when they return from their winterings with an extra gloss on their bright plumes, it is because they are arrayed in a brand-new outfit, for their feathers are finest when new. The other birds that shed their coats only once a year are obliged to appear at a disadvantage in new array: it is by abrasion or by the casting of the duller edges of their plumes, that the gay tints of spring are acquired, but even in new feathers the robin's breast is still red. When the berries grow crimson on the holly-trees, and the hedges are bedecked

with glowing fruits on the rose-briars, the trailing briony, the guelder-rose, and hips and haws and egletes vie with one another, the redbreast, ever to the fore, rivals them all.

It is a graceful custom that lingers still and prompts us to go to nature for emblems at this season. Joy and sorrow, always strangely mingled, are present, and even in our joyful decorations we intertwine sprigs of yew and trails of ivy; the

Christmas garlands are woven with bright beaded holly for social pleasures, and mistletoe for the great mystery of the love that was shed from on high, but there is always a sprig of rosemary for remembrance, a cypress wreath. What more fitting than that a little bird who sings a gay song, and yet strikes now and then a note mysteriously tender, should be the chosen minstrel? Verily, it is a Christmas carol that the robin sings.

F. A. FULCHER.

A LADIES' SKATING TOUR IN HOLLAND AND FRIESLAND.



ENTRANCE TO HOORN FROM ALKMAAR.

TO those to whom foreign travelling suggests large towns, and English-speaking hotels in the well-worn British track, the following account of a tour around the villages of Holland and Friesland will present ideas more of pain than pleasure. But there may be some among the skating public who would be glad to hear that the country they are so familiar with on the long drowsy summer days,

is seen only in its full interest when every canal is bearing from the Zuider to the North Sea. Having ascertained that the Rhine at Rotterdam—it was now February—was bearing to its mouth, we (two girls) left Scotland, and, crossing by Harwich and the Hook, got to the Haas Inn, Amsterdam, the next day, in time for an excellent breakfast.

Immediately after breakfast we called on a Dutch minister whose acquaintance we had made the year before. He was writing his sermon in a charming room. Let into the polished wood walls (as portraits sometimes are in an old-fashioned house) were plaques of beautiful Delft china, pictures of Dutch scenes, some of them certainly a couple of feet long. Our friend showed us a wonderful collection of valuable letters. Among them were three letters from Erasmus, Melancthon, Luther, and from our Queen Elizabeth to her brother Edward. He

told us about them with immense pride, and then said, in rather quaint German, "Now that I have shown you my letters, I will show you my wife." He spoke down a tube to the kitchen, where she was making the Sunday pudding, and she shortly appeared, hospitably carrying a fat black bottle of cherry brandy, of which they forced us to partake. The Haas Inn stands almost next door to the Bible Hotel (where in summer one meets all one's Scotch neighbours, and the waiters speak perfect English, so that one might just as well be in the Grosvenor Hotel in London). In the Haas Inn things are simpler. The landlord carves the dinner, while his daughter makes our coffee; and better was never brewed. In the afternoon they are delighted to show us the best canal for a run out of the town. Certainly this wonderful skating scene in Holland, of which we had read so often, is in no way exaggerated. There flowed under us, as we stood looking over one of the principal bridges, a never-ending stream of skaters, from the oldest to the youngest, of every rank and profession.

We made our way to the Amstel river and skated out of the town on a well-swept track of about twenty feet wide, over beautiful black ice. The day was absolutely calm and cloudless. Every twig on the trees was encrusted in a white rime and stood out against the blue sky like silver. We put on our skates (Hilliard Patent) at one of the large bridges about the centre of the town. Here the whole scene before us was amazingly entertaining, flags were flying from most of the windows, bands were playing, and the town wore a most festive appearance.

We skated up the Amstel about four miles, and stopped to rest in a shelter—three walls of straw without a roof, where hot milk could be had. These shelters occur on the ice-track in Holland every mile or two, and, near the towns, every hundred yards. In Friesland, however, they are sometimes five or six miles apart, and the difficulty of keeping on the right canal is therefore greatly increased.

When we got into Amsterdam again our skates caused much interest, a good many men asking to see them as we were about to leave the river.

After a stroll around we returned to the Haas

Inn, where, as the landlord and his daughter spoke German, we had a delightful evening discussing routes and plans. We followed their advice, and invested each in a pair of native Friesland skates for the journey before us.

These skates have narrow flat soles of wood with a blade hardly half the breadth of an English acmé. They project beyond the foot almost six inches, and are turned up at the toe almost three. They have no screw or clasp of any kind, being attached to the feet by strong leather thongs at the toe and heel. The natives wear them as often over slippers as boots, and we saw many children using them with stockings only. The advantages of these skates are unspeakable over rough ice, and even on our unpractised feet they carried us greatly faster than our own. It was, however, with some anxiety as to how we should



HOT-MILK STALL.

manage on them that we left Amsterdam next morning to skate north. Being a perfect day, calm as summer, with a cloudless sky, hundreds of people were on the ice-track, all bound like

ourselves for Marken Island. (We each carried a knapsack, containing a piece of soap, nightdress, comb, and tooth-brush.) The first two or three miles, at corners, or when even slightly pushed against, we generally fell, not being possessed of the balance to enable us to keep our skates under our feet. This was rather a bother, as it made us painfully hot (clad as we were for the arctic

them built on piles, that straggle unevenly over the flat-lying ground.

We did not, however, linger here, as we had wasted much time among the revellers on the other side, so we skated north to the village Edam (famous for its cheese), getting there soon after sunset. Our inn, "The Heerenlogement," was on the canal.

It was an intensely cold night—our eyebrows, eyelashes, and hair were quite white, as if powdered, from our breath blowing back and freezing on them. Handkerchiefs were frozen as hard as a board (most unpleasant if the end of your nose is skinned by the cold).

But the joys of the sandy-floored bar-room, with its glowing stove, the overpowering importance that dinner assumes when one has come a good many miles for it, the chair beside the stove where from head to foot you throb with sensations of aggressive animal comfort—these are not to be felt in places where it is possible for the weak flesh to take train or tram.

We went to bed early. The cold was awful. There were no stoves in either of our bedrooms. Long before morning I was fully dressed in my clothes, fur hat, and sealskin gloves, which I had got up at intervals during the night to put on. Every bit of one's body that one was not lying on was as cold as an iceberg. I was turning all night to warm the unfortunate uppermost side.

It is no doubt a terrible thing to suffer in any way from extremes,

and this is one of the difficulties we had to encounter in Holland. To be too hot is bad; to be too cold, worse. In a skating tour it seems difficult often to hit the medium.

The thermometer in the village bedrooms was rarely above 20°, and if, through the bursting of a jug, all the hot water went on to the floor, instead of into the basin, on the excellent slide almost immediately formed one could enjoy oneself much more wholesomely and pleasantly than in any ridiculous attempts to wash.

Breakfast at 8.30 (tea and eggs) was most reviving, after which we put on our skates by the stove, and stepped down the hen's ladder covered with straw on to the canal. Twelve miles north brought us to Horn, still on the Zuider Zee. We sat for a long time watching the people skating on the bay, and then started off westwards. Another twelve miles of beautiful ice brought us to Alkmaar by 3.30 in the afternoon. The entrance into this town was most picturesque. Crowds of people skating along narrow canals—old, overhanging houses rising from the ice. A constant passing up and down of sleighs, drawn more often



IN SINGLE FILE.

regions), and also more tired than one likes to be at the end of four or five miles, with sixteen still to go.

On reaching Monnickendam, a village about ten miles north of Amsterdam, we landed and walked, with thousands of other holiday-makers, on to the Zuider Zee, where a fête was being held. One could here enter the lists and run a race, or hire an ice-boat for five merks, or go into a booth and drink hot milk and eat sausage sandwiches. The crowd was most entertaining, and we could hardly tear ourselves away.

The Island of Marken, for which we were bound, is famous as one of the few places where a national costume is still commonly worn. The women have long hair in ringlets, and wear green and red bodices ornamented with a coarse lace, and short skirts. The men's trousers are almost like skirts—they are so enormously wide. They are a rough-looking people, and have not too good a reputation as regards their treatment of strangers.

Marken is about two miles from the mainland. We skated in at the harbour gates, and were much interested in the old wooden houses, almost all of

by dogs than horses, and, alongside, rows of brightly coloured barges firmly fixed in the ice.

Before dinner we went to a concert given by the village orchestra. We enjoyed it much more than we ever remember having enjoyed one in our own country. At home we feeble-minded mortals sometimes go to concerts to sit, bolt upright and cramped, for three hours. The Alkmaar concert lasted three-quarters of an hour, and was, therefore, entirely a pleasure instead of a pain.

We dined in our hotel, the Heerenlogement, and strolled afterwards by moonlight in and out among the old streets; then down on to the Great Northern Canal, where there was a large gathering of people of all classes, and much fun going on; so that it was rather late before we got back to our hotel.

In the morning it was snowing. We waited until 11, when it seemed to have cleared up, and then started to skate back to Amsterdam. Before we had gone very far, however, the snow came on again, and we were enveloped in it. The very ground seemed to be snowing, and a strong wind rose right in our faces. This was the only bad day we had, and it was rather an interesting experience. We crossed a lake of about three miles long, and had a terrible struggle to reach the straw shelter, against the blinding snow. We found a good many peasants, male and female, crouching behind this erection, sheltering one another, and warming their children's hands by holding them in their mouths.

After we had passed through Wormerei, a long straggling town, it got even worse—the snow had covered our track, and the ice was bad. Zandam

single file, either using a pole or thus taking hands. Through the snow we heard skates behind us, and three giant Dutchmen loomed through, skating in this way, one behind another. I thought the last of them invited me to take his disengaged hand; at any rate it was held out behind him, so I took it, and away we all went. Suddenly bells are heard, a sleigh drawn by three dogs, laden with barrels, and a woman, baby, and man in fur cap, comes in sight. The track is very narrow. Our leader's skate catches in a rut; he shoots into deep snow on the right side, head first. Instantly we all separate. My sister takes one side of the sleigh and I the other; we dash on without turning, and never see our three men, or those three dogs with the woman, the man, and the baby, again. Our journey through Holland was made up of meetings and partings of this kind. It was 5 o'clock before we got to Amsterdam; we had taken exactly six hours to come twenty-two miles; but we had often to stop altogether, because of the snow, and again and again we had to take off our skates and walk, wherever the track was too deeply covered to skate over.

The first sight of Amsterdam was very fine. Every mast on the ships was encased in ice, like a shroud. Every dome and spire towered white against the sky. We skated to our hotel, dined, changed our clothes, and caught the 6.30 train for Leeuwarden, the capital of Friesland. By 11.30 that night we were seated in the luxuriously heated coffee-room of the Hotel de Nieuwe Doelen in that town, drinking chocolate and eating eggs. The bedrooms here were greatly warmer than in the village inns, and it was in consequence of this



SLEIGHING.

was our next town—we thought we never should reach it. I generally skated first with one hand behind me, which my sister held. This gave her no wind to skate against, and she gave me some of her way. It was the general custom to skate in

unusual comfort that we did not meet each other at breakfast until after ten next morning.

Before we had finished, our host, a most amiable young Dutchman, asked us to go with him to the racecourse, where the Ice Club was to meet, and a

good many Friesians were to compete for the special prize of the year. This we were delighted to do, and we spent the whole day there watching the racing, which is most exciting. The champion, a youth of about five-and-twenty, won that afternoon his seventeenth medal. He wore racing skate-blades, projecting many inches in front of his feet, attached to his boots without a wooden sole.

About 4 P.M. we left the crowd, and took a run out of Leeuwarden about three miles, to have a look at the country, which is as flat as Holland, with the usual windmills for decoration. Though snow had fallen all the previous day in Friesland, the tracks had been swept absolutely clean, and the ice, in any direction one chose to take, was as smooth as glass. This we found to be the case all over Friesland, except actually in or immediately around any large town or village, where constant traffic often made the surface rougher than was desirable. We sat down on a bridge at the outskirts of Leeuwarden, and watched strange varieties of life glide before us on the silent skate. The glories of the setting sun were shed on the noisy, bustling little town, and on the absolutely lifeless country, that stretched in ghostly whiteness far into the darkening distance. The only sounds that broke the silence, as we stood in the centre of this silver circle, were the tinkling bells of the quaint, brightly coloured sleighs, as, with almost noiseless speed, they dashed down the canal and disappeared like lightning.

In former days the Frieslanders were famous for their fast and furious driving, and this resulted so often in accidents that the man who could reach his destination without upset or collision was entitled to claim a kiss (from any member of his cargo worth the kissing), as a reward for his marvellous powers as a Jehu.

How can we say too much in praise of a country where nobody is drunk, and nobody begs? Here rapidity on the ice regulates rank. He alone is possessed of any position who can wheel on his iron keel. Friesland bows her knee to the champion skater, as England bows hers to the combined powers of beauty, wit, and wealth. One may enter the ice-rink with skinned face and clothes none the better for being slept in, and scarcely money to supply two meals a day, and yet if, with easy grace on strong outside edge and steady balance, such a skater sweeps, without effort, round one or two of the ordinary club figures, he is instantly surrounded by a large and appreciative crowd, who vie with each other in performing the many civilities it is in the power of the native to tender to the stranger.

That afternoon, as we were skating through a small village, we overtook a pair of English people, husband and wife, and as their signals of distress were unmistakable we stopped to see if we could help them. Their story was short and pathetic. Sitting by the blazing fire in their own luxurious English drawing-room, with tempers embittered by the long frost, which had stopped their hunting, they stumbled by chance on an article in a paper giving a glowing account of Dutch skating in general and Friesland skating in particular. They determined instantly to cross by Hook (or by crook), and next morning they started. But

the chief thing had been forgotten. In their hurry and excitement they had not remembered that they couldn't skate. Their only performances on the ice had been round their own little pond, well swept by the gardener, and provided with plenty of chairs to rest upon. So it came about that the lady found, after three hundred yards or so, that her legs would carry her no farther; she had such terrible pains in her ankles, she said. We recommended a sleigh, and some supper as soon as possible, for they had had no food since leaving the steamer at 5.30 that morning, having instantly put on their skates, under the delusion that they would be able to use them.

As we were at dinner that evening we were surprised to receive an invitation to a ball given by the Ice Club. The ball, to which we went, was held in a large hall, used sometimes as a theatre. The orchestra, a very good one, was on the stage. We might have had many partners for every dance; several times girls asked us to take a turn with them, just to say, probably, that they had danced with natives from that barbarous and unknown country, Scotland. The Friesian man's dress is extremely pretty. Black velvet coat, waistcoat, and knee breeches with silver buttons, and bright blue stockings. The women for the most part were dressed in ordinary skirts and coloured blouses, but about a dozen of them wore the native costume—bright green or red dresses, with a great deal of lace let in in front, and things exactly like skull-caps on their heads, made of brightly polished gold.

We spent a few more delightful days in this country, drifting about from village to village, witnessing many amusing scenes. The distances here from place to place are much longer than in North Holland, and it is well to make sure that the village you fix on to pass the night in is large and grand enough to boast of private bedrooms. For in some a large room with beds all round (*pro bono publico*) is all the accommodation that it is possible to get. We returned to Amsterdam *viâ* Sneek, Heerenveen, Meppel, and Zwolle, all places well worth a visit.

As we were making our way across one of the bridges in Amsterdam, a crowd of people looking over excited our curiosity. We leant over. The hitherto unknown sight of a Dutchman doing figures met our eyes. He wore English acmés, and was the worst figure-skater we have ever seen. His eights were miserable and his threes writhed to death, long before getting to the centre. In his once-backs his body looked the wrong way. We wished to go down and incite him to break his wobbly back over a bracket turn, and so end his pain, but the near approach of the dinner-hour warned us to make haste lest we should miss the first course. We were proud to know how inferior this Dutch wonder's achievements were to those of that most noble body—the Edinburgh Skating Club.

Next morning we spent half-an-hour in front of Rembrandt's "Night Watch," then sent our boxes to the Hague, and skated after them. The ice was perfect most of the way, and what wind there was was in our favour. We spent the night in the Vieux Doelen, a most comfortable hotel, and

visited the picture gallery in the morning. In the afternoon we went to the park to see the young Queen skate, but unfortunately she had just left the pond. We waited, however, to watch the court ladies and other retainers playing games, and evidently enjoying the ice much. That night we crossed, regretfully, to England.

If there are any of our readers, even with only

ten days to spare, and about as many pounds to spend, strong enough to skate thirty or forty miles a day, and appreciative enough to enjoy anything and everything that may turn up, let them step over to Holland, and revel there on the abundant good ice, and in the still more abundant goodwill of these our most delightful neighbours—the Dutch.

HOW PEOPLE EARN THEIR LIVELIHOOD.

A PART from its bearing on the condition of the people question, there is a certain amount of interest in knowing how our fellow countrymen earn their livelihood. The Registrar-General's report on the occupations returned at the last census throws a good deal of light on this matter, although as usual, and inevitably, it appears at a time when the last census is almost ancient history. It is curious to note how trades and professions increase and decrease in proportion to the general growth of the population. It will be remembered that in 1891 the population of England and Wales was twenty-nine millions, being an increase of a ninth over what it was in 1881, while in 1881 it showed an increase of a seventh over what it was ten years before. For an occupation to maintain its importance, the persons engaged in it should therefore have increased a seventh between 1871 and 1881 and a ninth between 1881 and 1891. Any increase above or below that must necessarily be owing to a change of conditions; and it is remarkable what a few occupations have grown at what we may call the normal rate. The Civil Service, not counting the women, which had decreased from 53,000 in 1871 to 45,000 ten years afterwards, had risen in the next decade to 69,000. The police, which in 1881 numbered 32,500, had increased to nearly 40,000, while parish and municipal officers had increased at only the normal rate. The Army, which twenty years before had stood at 86,000, and sunk ten years afterwards to 78,600, stood in 1891 at over 91,000; while the Navy, which had sunk considerably in 1881, was within a few hundreds of the 35,400 it had been in 1871. Between 1871 and 1881 the Church of England clergy increased from 20,694 to only 21,663, but in the next ten years they reached 24,232, being a trifle above the normal population rate. The Catholic priests in 1891 numbered 2,511, being an increase of 20 per cent. over what they were ten years before, although during the preceding ten years beginning with 1871 their increase had been 29 per cent. The ministers of other denominations remained much as they were, and thus showed a decrease in proportion to the population.

Lawyers, who had increased 9 per cent. in the first decade, increased only 5 per cent. in the second, and thus also diminished when compared

with the general growth. The doctors, on the other hand, had increased considerably, there being 19,000 of them in 1891 as against 15,000 ten years before; dentists had increased even more, there being 4,600 of them against 3,600 in 1881. Lady doctors, who numbered only 25 in 1881, rose to 101 during the ten years, and lady dentists had risen from 116 to 345 during the twenty years.

One of the most noticeable features of the decade was the increase in the employment of women. In the Civil Service the 4,340 of 1881 had become 9,870 in 1891; the parish officers, who had numbered 3,000 in 1881, had increased to over 5,100; the female Scripture readers and itinerant preachers, who in 1881 numbered only 1,660, had mounted up to 4,190; while the nuns and sisters of charity increased from 3,795 to 4,678. But the greatest increase of all was that of the women engaged in teaching, which at the three last censuses were returned as numbering 94,000, 122,800, and 144,390; the men engaged in teaching also showing a healthy rise from 32,940 in 1871, to 46,000 in 1881, and to 50,690 in 1891.

The press was also on the up-grade, though self-called reporters and shorthand writers were less numerous. This is, however, but a matter of nomenclature; a reporter nowadays generally calls himself a journalist. Taking authors, editors, journalists, and reporters together, we find that in 1881 the men numbered 5,600, while in 1891 they numbered 7,480; and the women, who in 1881 numbered 467, had increased in the ten years to 787. The people earning their living by writing for the press probably amounted to a good many more, numbers of them being returned among the professional men and persons of no occupation, there being still a considerable deal of prejudice against appearing among the miscellaneous crowd who dub themselves authors or journalists.

Persons engaged in scientific pursuits had also increased at more than the normal rate, having risen from 1,100 to 1,900 in the ten years. Engineers, civil and mining, had curiously enough failed to hold their own; in 1881 there were 9,415 of them, in 1891 they had only added 190 to their ranks. Among artists the men appear to be almost stationary, in the ten years they increased only from 9,099 to 9,250; but the women, who increased from 1,109 in 1871 to 1,960 in 1880, reached over

3,000 during the next ten years. Women as music teachers had also increased enormously—in 1871 they numbered 7,000, in 1891 they had reached over 19,000; the men, too, had increased some 7,700 in number during twenty years, so that, altogether, the last census showed that there were 38,600 people in this country engaged in teaching music. Photographers had also gone up, male and female; they numbered 6,661 in 1881 and 10,571 in 1891. Actors and actresses are about equal in numbers, but the men have increased more than the women during the decade, so that there were a trifle over 3,600 of each sex.

One of the curiosities of the report is that female servants, whom some suppose to be getting rarer, had increased in exactly the same ratio as the population, so that while in 1881 they numbered 1,230,400, in 1891 they had reached 1,386,100.

An increase above the normal was that of the men returning themselves as commercial clerks; in 1881 they numbered 175,468, in 1891 they reached 229,370. But female commercial clerks showed an even greater increase, the growth being from 5,989 to 17,859 during the ten years. Another great increase was that regarding the people engaged in insurance business, whose numbers during the decade rose from 14,800 to 30,800.

There were also, as might be expected, many more people in railway employment in 1891 than ten years before; the enginemens had increased from 22,800 to 40,000, and the guards, porters, clerks, etc., who in 1881 numbered 115,900, in 1891 numbered 145,900. Tramways had also grown considerably during the decade, and the men employed on them had increased from 2,600 to 6,800.

Among the other occupations it may be noted that sailors have not increased at the normal rate,

and that fishermen have actually diminished; farmers, too, have got fewer, as well as agricultural labourers, while gardeners and nurserymen have increased. Printers, booksellers, and newspaper agents have, of course, become more numerous; electrical-apparatus makers have already reached over 12,000, being four times what they were ten years before; and musical-instrument dealers have increased in proportion to the music masters and mistresses. Carpenters have decreased, bricklayers have increased; masons are on the downgrade considerably; so are slaters, paperhangers, and plasterers; but the painters have gone up—which may be only a question of nomenclature—and, of course, plumbers have increased. Coal-miners have increased enormously—at the last census there were over half a million of them, over 3,000 of them being women—but the metal miners are fast disappearing; gasworkers, too, are flourishing, as are the dockers.

But the one great feature of the report is the decrease of the number of people engaged in the liquor trade. Much of this may be owing to the concentration of the business in fewer hands, and some to grocers' licences, but most of it must be due to an improvement in the habits of the people. In 1871 there were 11,217 wine and spirit merchants; within the twenty years their numbers had been reduced to 7,395. In 1871 there were 13,789 beersellers, in 1891 there were 11,816; in 1871 there were 61,158 publicans and hotel-keepers, in 1891 there were only 55,173. Taking into account the increase in the population during the twenty years, these decreases are remarkable, particularly when it is considered that the butchers and bakers and other vendors of provisions—and even the tobacconists—had been increasing at more than the normal rate.

OCCASIONALITIES.

Big Cheques. We have been hearing a good deal lately about big cheques, some of the wine merchants and whisky merchants having been sending out as advertisements copies of the cheques they have paid the Government on account of duty. These puny amounts, however, sink into insignificance when compared with the gigantic sums that have been changing hands at the Bank of England on account of the thirty-seven millions of indemnity that China has to pay Japan. In the old days a good deal of fuss would have been made about handing over some five millions of money. If it had been paid in specie about thirty-five vans would have been required to carry it, but we do not do business in that way now. A gentleman representing Japan and a gentleman representing China call by appointment on Mr. Bowen, the chief cashier, who solemnly presents the Chinaman with a cheque, for £4,900,000, which the Chinaman, probably wishing it was all his own, hands

over to the Japanese with a dignified bow, and the Japanese in an equally dignified way, and with perhaps similar private sentiments, gives back to the cashier, who fills up a pay-in slip and promptly passes it through the till-book. Nothing could be simpler; bows all round; that part of the account is settled; and Japan will evacuate the Liao-Tung peninsula. This, however, was a small affair to what occurred a week or so before, when the first quarter of the main indemnity was paid. Then the cheque was for eight millions—£8,225,000 *is. 10½d.*, some more or less veracious newspaper man informs us. Anyhow it is the largest cheque on record, and its handing-out and paying-in occupied ten minutes, all told. As China has about a couple of dozen more millions to dispose of in this pleasant gentlemanly way, we may soon hear of similar cheques or even bigger ones, and Japan will have a nice little credit balance to draw upon when the bills come in for the new ships and

guns that are making business lively up Newcastle way. The most striking thing about the affair is that the two far-eastern powers have to come all the way to the metropolis of the monetary world to settle their little arrangements. We should not be surprised to hear that China sold some of her consols to honour the drafts, for the methods of finance are intricate and peculiar, and the banks of the world are as one, with the old lady of Thread-needle Street to back them.

Potatoes.

Why cannot we have potatoes of any age all the year round? What is the difficulty in running cargoes across the tropics so as to give us at least two potato seasons a year, and save us from the aged and unprofitable dilapidations of March and April? We get our new potatoes earlier than we did, thanks to Cornwall, Jersey, the Frenchman and the further foreigner; why should we not tap the Cape and have them here in December? The transit is so short, and the keeping in marketable condition can so obviously be only a matter of temperature, that it is a wonder some one has not tried his hand at the problem. Everyone may not like new potatoes, but certainly most of us prefer healthy adults to those in advanced stages of senility. It is not as if the potato trade were a small one. In the United Kingdom over a million and a quarter acres are devoted to potato growing, the crop being over four and a half million tons, in addition to 14,000 tons imported from abroad. France has three and a third million acres under cultivation, the yield being 10,100,000 tons, four million of which are used in the manufacture of starch and brandy, or crude alcohol for "fortifying" and other purposes, the figures showing that with potatoes, as is the case with every other crop, the much praised French farmer, big or little, gets less out of his land than not only the Englishman but the much despised German, who has 7,600,000 acres under potatoes, and raises from them 32,277,000 tons. Germany, too, imports more potatoes than she exports, so that she consumes in various ways—largely in distillation ways—32,376,000 tons, or about seven times what we do in these islands. About a hundred million tons of potatoes are raised in Europe in a year, which is another extraordinary fact in the history of acclimatisation. And with regard to acclimatisation, was it luck or foresight which made Gerarde have his portrait taken with a potato plant in his hand, and published as the frontispiece to his "Herbal" in 1597, when the potato was little more than a curiosity?

Novelties in Farms.

What is a sponge-farmer? One would think he was a distressed agriculturist in some swampy district, but his enterprise is really no more speculative and much more profitable than raising crops on fen-land. A sponge-farm is simplicity itself. Find a small clear creek running into the sea; throw a few big stones down to act as a breakwater; collect a little sponge ova, and see that it clings to the stones instead of floating out with the tide; leave it for three

years, and you can pick your sponges as you want them, and they will go on increasing and multiplying to any extent. "Why dive for sponges when you can grow them like this?" asked the inventor. Why indeed? It is not, however, clear that all sponges can be grown tame in this way, though the sort that people expect from Florida may be. "Sponge-farming is flourishing," we read. Long may it flourish if the products are good. It is not the only eccentricity in the farming way that Florida has started. Not so long ago the fashion for using alligator hides for bags and purses made it worth while to shoot Florida alligators in large numbers, and even to capture them alive and start "farms" of them. The reptile farmers had, however, not reckoned on the balance of nature. The alligators had lived on water voles, and their destruction or captivity resulted in a plague of voles which nearly ruined the local agriculturists, who agitated and agitated until the State Legislature decreed a close time for *Alligator mississippiensis*. This is a curiosity in game-laws. Imagine a man being brought before a magistrate for alligator poaching!

Pictures by Telegraph.

It often happens that the newspapers and the police would be glad to receive a portrait of the celebrity or notoriety at the same time as the news regarding him comes in from the wire. The telautograph promised to do this, but at present it is not in everyday use. A much simpler plan, in which an ordinary code is used, has recently been adopted by the American journalists. The system is not unlike map-drawing, special paper being required, ruled in a large number of small squares like the sectional sheets used by engineers. The closely ruled vertical and horizontal lines take the place of those of longitude and latitude, but every square along the tops and sides is named instead of numbered. To find the position of any square on the sheet all that is necessary is to combine the two words of the lines that cross at right angles in that square. For instance, if the third square along the top is called "come" and the ninth down the side is called "go," the combination "come go" will indicate the third square from the left, nine squares down. Every square is thus indicated by two words. The way in which the sheets are worked is obvious. The portrait is drawn on one of the sheets, and the receiver of the message simply draws the lines according to the order of the words that have been sent, as read off from the original. With every fresh line the word "From" is used at the beginning, so as to avoid confusion. The paper is ruled in faint blue or any colour that will not photograph, the portrait being drawn rather boldly in black. The portraits are photographed or pantographed down to a much smaller scale, and process blocks or reliefs made from them in the usual way. The general idea of the system is not new: it has been known in this country for some time and has been worked successfully in military topography, but as yet it has, apparently, only come into commercial use in America, where the distances are so great that a telegram across the continent can arrive several days in advance of a letter.

British
Paraffin.

The imports of petroleum into this country from the United States are so enormous—last year they amounted to close on 275,000,000 gallons—that we are apt to overlook the fact that we produce 48,000,000 gallons a year ourselves, of which a third is used for lighting and the rest for lubricating and other purposes. This is mostly the product of the oil shale which occurs in the calciferous sandstones in Midlothian and Linlithgow, and is mined for in much the same way as coal is. The shale, which is first broken up into pieces about half a foot square, is treated in vertical stills worked with a current of steam, the volatile portions being driven off at a temperature of about 900° Fahrenheit, the gases being collected and condensed, one-third of them being liquefied; and of this liquid some three-quarters are ammoniacal liquor and a quarter oil. The oil is distilled again, and undergoes various cleansing and refining processes before it is fit for use. Recent invention has so improved the processes that the output of the stills is fifteen times what it used to be, and only half the quantity of steam is used, a matter of considerable advantage to an industry in which some three millions are invested.

Some ingenious advocate of the advantages of dancing as a calisthenic exercise has been laboriously working out the distances required to be traversed during the ordinary duration of the dances now in vogue. It seems that in a square dance a girl has to cover

half a mile, while a waltz is three-quarters of a mile long. From these data we can easily arrive at the extent of her orbit during a Christmas party. Suppose we allow her six square dances; that, at half a mile each, would mean three miles. Add to them eight waltzes at three-quarters of a mile each, and we get six miles. Sir Roger de Coverley and sundries ought to be worth another mile, so that we have ten miles as the result of the evening's gyrations. It is really wonderful how circumstances alter cases. If one were to suggest that the lady should take a ten-mile walk instead, the offer would be scouted as being far beyond her strength; just as a man will shrink from the effort of walking fifteen miles along a country road and yet travel eighteen pottering about the house all day. By the way, it may be news to some people that the polka, which seems to be as old as the hills, was invented in 1830, and that the inventor, who bears the euphonious name of Haniczka Szlezak, is still alive. Being asked to come out with something new for a certain village festival, she hit upon the combination of quick short steps, which procured for the novelty the name of pulku, and the pulku becoming popular in the district around spread to Vienna, whence as the polka it found its way to Paris and on to London. Not only did it go the round of the fashionable world, but it became so popular in Bohemia, the land of its origin, that it was adopted as the national dance, and in the guide-books is generally described as being of considerable antiquity, much to the disgust of the still active Haniczka.

AMERICAN NOTES.

Lightning
Conductors.

The Americans have always had a fondness for lightning conductors ever since Benjamin Franklin erected the first one over his house in Philadelphia. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that Bulletin 15 of the U.S. Weather Bureau, on the subject of these conductors in general, should be of more than average interest. The popular notion of the action of a conductor is that it somehow hooks hold of a lightning flash and brings it to the ground. This conducting of a charge harmlessly to the earth is, however, its least important use, its main object being to drain away the electricity from passing clouds, and thus prevent the occurrence of lightning in its vicinity—in other words, “to prevent a disruptive discharge by silent neutralisation of cloud electrification.” The statements in the Bulletin are the results of a long series of inquiries over a large part of the world. The best conductor is a copper one weighing six ounces to the foot, or an iron one; but as iron is by no means so good a conductor as copper, it should weigh thirty-five ounces to the foot. A flat conductor is far better than a rod of the same cross-section, and the tape form is recommended, chain or link conductors being of little use. There should be no joins in the con-

ductor unless they are brazed, and the earth plates should be buried in damp earth, or where possible sunk in running water. Dry earth is practically a non-conductor, and little good is done by sticking the tape down into it. What is wanted is a sufficiently large area of damp soil, usually obtained in this country by fixing on to the conductor a brass plate about a yard square and burying it in a damp spot surrounded by gas coke. If there are any iron water mains in the streets near, the conductor should be connected with them; but it should be kept as far as possible from fusible gas-pipes, and in fact all indoor gas-fittings of any metal whatsoever. The top should be pointed, and it should have a cluster of points round it, all the points being gilded or in some way protected from rust; and all the outside metal-work of the building, more especially the ridges and gutters, should be in connection with the rod. Even this will not always secure immunity, as cases are on record in which buildings have been struck below the rods. In cities the roofs and cornices seem to yield sufficient protection, but a rod should be fitted to all isolated buildings. The risk of being struck in the country is five times greater than it is in town. People should never stand under a tree in a

thunderstorm, the most dangerous trees being not necessarily the most prominent ones, but those near ditches, rivers, and temporary water-courses. In death by lightning the functions fail in much the same order as they do in death by drowning, and consequently artificial respiration should be resorted to exactly as laid down in the Royal Humane Society's directions for the treatment of the apparently drowned.

The Lake State. The State of Minnesota has long been known in America as the "Lake State." According to recent information it may soon lose its claim to this picturesque title. A survey made ten years ago showed over 7,000 lakes within its borders. Now, at least one-third of these lakes have dried up entirely, and in many cases cultivated fields occupy the rich bottoms formerly covered by from ten to twenty feet of water. Most of the lakes still remaining have greatly shrunk in area, only the larger lakes maintain their original proportions. Similar changes in a more marked degree are taking place in the Dakotahs. The lakes there have now nearly all disappeared, and the beds of them have been turned into fields. Such of them as remain are shrunk to sloughs or pools in great wastes of reedy mud. This falling of the waters is attributed to the diminished rainfall of the last ten years, and to the more extensive cultivation of the soil, which has absorbed the moisture which formerly drained into the lakes.

American Steamboats. For the first time since the 'fifties two American-built steamers are now in the transatlantic mail and passenger service. Both the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul* have come up to the speed requirements of Congress, and since October last these two ships and the sister ships of the American line have been carrying mails between New York and Southampton

under a liberal agreement made with the Postal Department at Washington. The subsidy paid by the American Government is £150,000 a year. In return, the American line is to carry the mails between New York and Southampton; and in case of need, the American Government is to have the right to use the vessels as transports or as war cruisers. As it is nearly a century since the United States was at war with any European power, and so long as the Monroe doctrine is adhered to it is not likely to be engaged in any outside complications, the bargain promises to be an exceedingly good one for the owners of the American line. It will add from £28,000 to £30,000 to the cost of the mail service between the United States and England. Both the new ships are nearly as large as any of the newest English steamers sailing from Liverpool to New York. The contract with the American Government is for ten years. Under it an increasing proportion of the officers and crew is to be of American nationality. In the first two years 25 per cent. of the officers and men are to be Americans. In the next three, 35 per cent.; and in the last five years 50 per cent. of them are to be either native-born or naturalised Americans. The new vessels are also to carry naval cadets, one cadet for every thousand tons burden; and as each of the new ships is over 12,000 tons, places have been found for twenty-four cadets. The American line now values its four largest ships, the two new ones, and the *New York* and *Paris* taken over from the old Inman line, at £2,400,000. No figures, however, have been made public as to the cost of constructing the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul*. Until they are forthcoming it is not possible to estimate to what extent Philadelphia can compete with the shipbuilding yards on the Clyde or the Tyne, or with the equally famous yards at Belfast. Evidently American competition cannot yet be serious, for two immense steamers, larger than the *Campania* or the *Lucania*, are now building on the Clyde for one of the transatlantic mail lines owned in Germany.

Varieties.

Hadji Chartellemont.—The French papers report the success of one of their compatriots, M. Gervais Chartellemont, in performing the pilgrimage to Mecca. He accomplished the perilous journey in the guise of a Mohammedan convert from Algiers. In dress, speech, and rites, he was a thoroughly trained Arab; but ran risks, nevertheless, as our Burton did, by some slight inattention to usages that seem of little consequence, but which are apt quickly to rouse the suspicions of true Mohammedans by birth and daily habit. One custom is mentioned, which nearly brought him to danger. It is the Arab custom never to drink until a meal is ended, and the excessive thirst of this Algerian Frenchman, riding, with his head shaved and uncovered, from Veddah to Mecca, nearly led him to betray himself.

The list is still very small of Christian pilgrims who have made the famous Mussulman journey in safety.

Robert Brown, "Botanicorum Facile Princeps."—It was Alexander von Humboldt who thus designated Robert Brown the Scottish botanist, who became President of the Linnean Society of London and member of the Institute of France. In his native town, Montrose, Forfarshire, a portrait bust has lately been placed on the front of the house where he was born, December 21, 1773. He died in London, June 10, 1858. The bronze bust was unveiled by Miss Paton, Links House, Montrose, a relative of Dr. Brown. The Provost, magistrates, and notable persons of the town and the country were present, and botanists of

eminence from all parts. Among the speakers on the occasion were Mr. Carruthers, ex-president of the Linnæan Society and Emeritus-Curator of the botanical department of the British Museum at South Kensington; Mr. G. R. Murray, the present Curator; Professor Balfour of Edinburgh, and other Scottish and English representative men. Australian papers will note this event, for it was Brown who first made known to the world the riches of the Australasian flora, as it was Owen who chiefly reported to scientific men the wonders of the animal world found in the Southern hemisphere.

Durham Degrees for Women.—The University of Durham has only followed the example of older universities in admitting women to be candidates for degrees in medicine, science, arts, literature, and music. Divinity degrees are at Durham the only ones excepted. A supplementary Charter by the Queen's warrant enables Convocation to grant these degrees, the first of which was gained in 1895 by Miss Ella Bryant, who received the B.Sc. The instruction in arts and sciences is given in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where the schools are associated with the University of Durham. The foundation of a University at Durham was advocated by Cromwell, though long delayed after the Restoration, like many of the great designs of the Lord Protector.

Professor David Masson.—Another veteran man of letters, David Masson, of the chair of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, and more widely known as the biographer of Milton, is about to retire, and will have the title, as John S. Blackie had, of *Emeritus* Professor. It is nearly thirty years since the present writer assisted at a meeting held in the Freemasons' Tavern, London, to bid farewell and to wish godspeed to Mr. Masson, when going to fresh fields of teaching and of study in the north. The chairman at that dinner was Mr. (now the Rt. Hon. Sir James) Stansfeld, who has also lately retired from public life, after long and honourable service. In his younger days Mr. Stansfeld was the friend and protector of Mazzini, and his name was dear to all Italian patriots. When in Parliament, and in office, many were the services he rendered in social questions, and those affecting women especially. English ladies have lately tendered public thanks to Sir James Stansfeld. At the Masson dinner he was a very effective chairman, and made a capital speech. Herbert Spencer was among the guests, and on his name being proposed as representing "literature," by George Augustus Sala, the journalist made a most amusing speech, saying that he was a mere camp-follower of the army of letters, that he had never read one word of Mr. Herbert Spencer's writings, and knew little about Mr. Masson, but he was sure, from Mr. Stansfeld being in the chair, that they were supporting a good cause!

"Cheer, Boys, Cheer."—When the Guards, in 1854, went through London on their way to the Crimea, they marched to the tune of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer." Three years after, in 1857, as the startling news came from India of the Sepoy Mutiny, the newspaper reports that brought the sad tidings of the spread of the rebellion, and the killing of the English officers, time after time announced that the bands of the regiments played "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," as they marched from many stations towards Delhi. The tune was a favourite one in the time of M. Jullien's "British Army Quadrilles." And now, after being dormant for nearly half a century, it has been revived, and is again popular, in the succeeding generation.

The Spanish Fleet at Plymouth.—There have been friendly visits of foreign fleets in various English ports in the recent years of long peace, American, French, German, and others. But the visit of a Spanish fleet to Plymouth was a rarer occurrence, and recalled many events of history in the olden time. A telegram from Queen Victoria gave utterance to the feeling that prevailed. The Queen asked Admiral Lyons, the naval commander-in-chief and her chief naval aide-de-camp, to convey to Admiral Martinez de Espinosa and all belonging to the Spanish fleet the expression of her hearty welcome in British waters. Right heartily was this welcome carried out at Plymouth, and the Spaniards were entertained with dinners, speeches, balls, and all manner of festivities,

both by the sailors and the civilians with the Mayor at their head. There have been, during past generations, many naval wars between the two nations, but even at the time of the utmost hostility, and for England the greatest peril, when the Armada sailed up the Channel, there was a chivalrous spirit often displayed between the seamen of both navies. Here is one example. In the autumn of 1588 a Spanish war-ship was seen to enter the port of Anstruther, on the coast of Fife. It was a survivor of the vast ships that had been wrecked on Fair Island and other Shetland Isles where they had been driven. The captain of the ship was Don Jan Gomez, a relative of the chief admiral of the Armada. Great alarms were shown, but the captain came as a suppliant for mercy on behalf of his crew. The provost and magistrates sent for the Rev. James Melville, minister of Anstruther, a learned man, to speak to the Spaniards. He said they had come to these seas on an evil errand, but, as they were now in bad case, they would show them kindness and hospitality. Don Jan Gomez expressed his grateful thankfulness. He ultimately got safe to his own country. Some time after a Scotch ship was wrecked on the coast of Spain. Jan Gomez heard of it, and he hastened to the Court of Spain, and told the King how he and his sailors had been treated at Anstruther. Orders were instantly sent to treat the Scotchmen with the same hospitality that they had shown in the time of the wrecks of the Armada.

Bad Beverage in good Bottles.—In England and most European countries fraudulent imitations and forgeries are held in check by the fear of detection by the agents of manufacturers, who make false trade-marks their special study. A new assault on patent rights has been discovered in Egypt. There is immense consumption of English drinks by the well-to-do travellers who pass through, or those who reside in Egypt. The empty bottles are collected, and the labels and capsules are imported from France, Germany, and other countries, and pasted upon the bottles of Guinness, Bass, or Schweppes. The firms thus affected have appointed an expert lawyer of Alexandria to protect their interests as far as possible. This agent, in examining the books of only one maker, discovered that 61,650 bottles of *soi-disant* Bass' beer had been sold in three and a half years. The contents of the bottles were generally of a most noxious nature, and were sold at less than two shillings per dozen pints, at drinking-shops and inferior hotels, as against six shillings and twopence, the value of genuine imported liquor. Our soldiers and sailors are poisoned by this horrid stuff. It is recommended that patented and protected imports should be registered at the Mixed Tribunals, in order that these fraudulent transactions may be hindered as far as practicable. The French members of the Mixed Tribunals oppose any action favourable to English manufactures, but an article in the code of local judiciary administration authorises proceedings against any person injuring the rights of property, and in this way some protection may be obtained against the fraudulent action of native traders.

The Iron Trade in its Infancy.—In his presidential address to the Civil Engineers, Sir Benjamin Baker has shed welcome light on that somewhat obscure subject, the beginnings of our iron trade. In these importation days there is something refreshing in the discovery that the state of things is older than we had imagined. "It is difficult to realise," he said, "that England was chiefly dependent upon her American colonies and Russia and Sweden for the supply of bar iron, and that Birmingham was popularly regarded as the centre of the iron industry of Great Britain. In 1751 application was made to Parliament for the admission of bar iron duty free from our colonies, and an Act was passed authorising this so far as the Port of London was concerned, but admitting pig iron only at other ports. A clause, however, was inserted in the Act prohibiting the carriage of American bar iron beyond ten miles from the city, with the acknowledged object of preventing the waggons which brought manufactured ironwork from Birmingham and Walsall returning home laden with bar iron, and so furthering competition with London ironworkers. There was to be no free trade, in fact, between London and Birmingham. As, however, the dearth of coals and the heavy duties thereon prevented the setting up of manufactories in London, the Act was practically a dead letter, and another appeal to

Parliament was made in 1755. In the petition it was stated that Swedish iron was charged with £3 12s. 6d. per ton export duty on leaving Sweden, and £2 8s. 6d. import duty on arriving in this country; that the Swedes had limited the production and the Empress of Russia forbidden the erection of more ironworks, and that 'the present alarming connection of Russia and France should arouse us the more to turn our thoughts towards our Colonies for supply.' On the very eve, therefore, of Black's great discovery of the latent heat of steam, and Watt's practical application of the theory to the steam engine, Parliament and the public at large had not the dimmest perception of the momentous revolution which was to change Great Britain from a suppliant buyer of bar iron from abroad to the manufactory of all kinds of iron and steel for the world. Indeed, some years after Watt's first patents, Parliament was asked to grant bounties on American pig iron, but in 1783, that is to say, a year after his patent of the rotary steam engine, Sir John Dalrymple, a Scotch ironmaster, published a pamphlet in which he expressed the opinion that Watt's invention would give the command of the iron trade of the world to Great Britain, and take it for ever, or, at least, as long as the industry and liberty of Britons remain, from the northern kingdoms and from America, because Britain is the only country in which seams of coal, iron ore, and limestone are found in the same field, and of short water carriage to the sea. This opinion, however, was not the general one, for Watt's twenty years' work had up to that time been treated with indifference both at home and abroad."

Progress: New Measures and New Men.—

New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' time were best;
And doubtless, afterward, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of time.

J. R. Lowell.

The Testimony of Hate.—When the Christian faith passes beyond Judaea it enters into new circles of hate. At Rome a Nero finds it; and Nero makes persecution attempt its extinction. At Rome a great historian sees it; and he describes it as "a detestable superstition." In the farther East a great writer who was also a Roman governor sees it; and while despising the "extravagant superstition," yet he cannot help a grudging and reluctant admiration for the simple men whom he describes as singing praise to Jesus as to a God. Later a cultured philosopher, conscious of his own superfine knowledge and divine philosophy, curiously studies this new religion as a thing to be wondered at, one of the many delusions that haunt the human mind; looks at it, speculates on the absurdity of the slave and the woman and the porter who will really think that for their sakes God became incarnate in a Jew and died on the cross. And he makes merry over them, and compares them to an army of frogs sitting round a pond, and saying as they croak, "We are the favourites of God; the God who is in heaven loves us." Over against him stands another son of culture, scornful to the Philistines of his day, a satirical poet. He writes a poem describing the adventures of an impostor. This impostor imposes on the Christians, a body of men and women who are mere simpletons, for they spend their time in visiting prisons, in helping the sick, in relieving the distressed, and do not too curiously distinguish between the impostor on the one hand, and the sincere and veracious on the other. Thus did statesmen and historians, men of science and of culture, then judge. They looked at Christ from without, and He was to them as one despised; and the people that loved Him were despised with Him. Ask the men of light and the men of leading, "What think ye of the new religion which has come out of Judaea and from among the Jews?" and Tacitus, and Pliny, and Trajan, and Lucian, and Celsus all join in the common reply, "This Christian faith is a thing beneath our very scorn, a superstition of base-born and mean men." . . . But where stands Christ? At the head of the peoples that lead the civilisation of the world, reigning with greatest power where the peoples are most

free; most honoured where the knowledge is widest. He reigns—as no god of Rome, as no deity of Greece, as no divine being of Egypt or India, ever has reigned, ever could reign—over civilised, free, progressive men. Then let us mark a further thing. The greatest things these peoples have done they have done through Him and at His inspiration.—*Fairbairn's "Christ in the Centuries."* (One of the valuable series of volumes, "Preachers of the Age," published by Sampson Low.)

Ink for Writing on Glass.—The "Microscope" gives the following formula for an ink for writing on glass with a pen, as with ordinary ink: Bleached shellac ten parts, Venice turpentine five parts, lampblack five parts. Dissolve the shellac and Venice turpentine, and stir in the lampblack.

Suez Canal.—From the annual report of the Suez Canal it appears that of 3,352 ships, passing through either way, 2,386 were English; 296 German; 191 Dutch; 185 French; 78 Austrian; 63 Italian; 41 Norwegian; 35 Russian; 33 Turkish; 28 Spanish; 6 Japanese; 5 American; 2 Egyptian; 2 Portuguese; and 2 Nicaraguan.

Astronomical Notes for January.—The year on which we are now entering is remarkable as being not only leap-year, but the last leap-year we shall have for eight years. For by the Gregorian rule, which came into use in a large portion of Western Europe in 1582, but was not introduced into England until 1752, a leap-year is dropped at the end of each of three centuries out of four; all those, in fact, of which the century number is not divisible by four, or the year number by 400. So that, though 2000 will be a leap-year, 1900 will not, and after the present year there will not be a leap-year until 1904. Since the Gregorian reckoning was introduced into this country this has only happened once, 1800 being by the rule an excepted year, and no leap-year taking place from 1796 (the year of Napoleon's first great campaign in Italy) to 1804 (the year in which he assumed the Imperial title). The Russians have never adopted the change of style of the calendar, and after 1900 their dates will differ one day more from ours than they do now, since they will have a February 29 in that year and we shall not, persons born on that day in the present year not having a birthday, in all countries where the Gregorian reckoning is followed, until they are eight years old.

The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day of this month at 8h. 8m. in the morning, and sets at 3h. 59m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 8h. 2m., and sets at 4h. 18m. He will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, on the evening of the 1st day. The Moon will enter her Last Quarter at 3h. 25m. on the afternoon of the 7th; become New at 10h. 19m. on the night of the 14th; enter her First Quarter at 2h. 42m. on the morning of the 23rd; and become Full at 8h. 55m. on that of the 30th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 4 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, at 5 o'clock on that of the 20th. No eclipses or other special phenomena are due this month. The planet Mercury will arrive at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the morning of the 24th, and will about that date be visible in the evening after sunset, but only for a very short time in this part of the world on account of his great southern declination in the constellation Capricornus. Venus is a morning star; she passes through the constellation Scorpio during the course of the month, and will enter Sagittarius towards the close of it. Mars also passes from Scorpio into Sagittarius, somewhat to the east of Venus. She will be in conjunction with the harvest waning Moon on the morning of the 11th, Mars on that of the 12th, and the two planets will be in conjunction together early next month. Jupiter will be in opposition to the Sun on the 24th, and is a magnificent object throughout the night, situated in the constellation Cancer, rising at the beginning of the month soon after 6 o'clock in the evening, and at the end of it before sunset; he will be in conjunction with the Moon (then almost Full) on the evening of the 29th. Saturn is in Libra, and visible during the early hours of the morning; he will not rise until after midnight even by the end of the month.—W. T. LYNN.

When the Lamps are Lit.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

I. SEARCH PASSAGES.

FIND source and author of each of the following passages.
Two Prizes for largest numbers correct.

1. LOVE.

I.

"Sweet is true love, though given in vain."

II.

"Lo! what am I to Love, the Lord of all?
One murmuring shell he gathers from the sand,
One little heart-flame sheltered in his hand."

III.

"Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come."

IV.

"Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind."

V.

"Our Love is not a fading, earthly flower;
It's winged seed dropped down from Paradise."

VI.

"Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend,
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end."

2. LIFE.

I.

"Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet."

II.

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

III.

"Life, that dares send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes say, Welcome, Friend."

IV.

"Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life."

V.

"The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made."

VI.

"Fool not, for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave."

II. SELECTIONS.

(TWO PRIZES.)

Select, from any source, two passages, describing distinct contrasting types of fine feminine character, old-fashioned and modern types respectively. Not to exceed 250 words each. Name books and authors.

III. PUZZLES FOR OUR YOUNGER READERS.

(TWO PRIZES.)

(Any members of the family circle may help each other with these, but the whole set of answers must be written out by one, whose name and address must be attached, and to whom the prize, if won, will be sent.)

I.

Yussef Effendi, a merchant of Bagdad, carried all his fortune in a vase which contained twenty-four ounces of attar of roses. Three robbers conspired to steal it. One was sent in haste to the bazaars to buy more vessels that they might divide it. He could only procure three of different sizes. They met in a wood to share their booty, and found the new vessels would contain 5, 11, and 13 ounces respectively. How could they measure the attar into equal portions?

II.

Write out, in alphabetical columns, very neatly, all the English words of more than three letters, which it is possible to make out of the sixteen letters in the word **INDISCRIMINATELY**.

Proper nouns and plurals forbidden.

III.

The following twelve characters are to be found in the pages of some of your deservedly favourite books. Look them up, and give chapter, book, and author in each case.
1. Leila Howard. 2. Mrs. Crabtree. 3. Lazy Lawrence.
4. Master Rantipole. 5. Jackanapes. 6. Deborah Sylvester. 7. Scud East. 8. Dick Varley. 9. Susie Miller.
10. Mr. Van Brunt. 11. The gentleman dressed in white paper. 12. Gerda.

RULES.—1. Write in ink, clearly, on one side of the paper only. Begin with number and name of competition, end with your own name and address. *Where other things are equal, neatest papers take precedence.*

2. All answers must be posted by January 20, addressed to the Editor, having *Prize Competition* written in top corner; and the coupon from *Notice to Correspondents* must be cut out and enclosed.

3. Answers will be published in due course, and prizes in books awarded in each competition, to be chosen by winners, not exceeding the following values: 1st prizes, One Guinea: 2nd prizes, Half a Guinea.

